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OF WAR IN THE EAST.

A

VISIT TO THE CAMP

BEFORE

SEVASTOPOL.

BY

RICHARD C. McCORMICK, JUN'R,

OF NEW YORK.

"I stood
Among them, but not of them."

CHILDE HAROLD, Canto iii.

NEW YORK:
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TO

MY ESTEEMED RELATIVE AND FRIEND

SHEPHERD KNAPP, ESQUIRE,

PRESIDENT OF THE MECHANICS' BANK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,

THIS UNPRETENDING NARRATIVE IS MOST RESPECTFULLY

Inscribed,

IN HUMBLE ACKNOWLEDGMENT

OF HIS KINDLY INTEREST IN ALL OF MY WANDERINGS

BOTH BY SEA AND BY LAND,

AND AS A

SLIGHT TOKEN OF MY HIGH APPRECIATION OF HIS

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE VIRTUES.

PREFACE.

It was not until after my recent return from the East, that I entertained the most distant idea of giving this form of publicity to the observations made during my visit to the camp before Sevastopol. I have consequently been deprived of such detailed memoranda as, under other circumstances, might have been at my command; and occupied by a multitude of engagements, rendered the more pressing by a protracted absence from home, I have been quite unable to bestow that care upon the compilation which I should otherwise have done.

Satisfied, however, that I have not drawn upon imagination, or ventured to exaggerate in any particular, I am ready to believe that a considerate public will give its most lenient criticism to the plain statement of facts found in the following pages, which owe their origin to the urgent solicitation of many of my best friends, both at home and abroad.

It is proper to state, that such portions of several of my hurried letters written from the camp, and published in the

journals of this city, as I have thought appropriate, have been introduced.

No attempt has been made at an exposition of the intricate causes of the famous war, nor has any thing been said in reference to its probable course or termination; it being my belief that it would be utterly useless for me to offer any argument upon topics so freely discussed by those in every way better qualified to the task.

The maps and illustrations presented, may be relied upon as entirely correct, and if carefully studied, will greatly contribute to impart a complete understanding of the relative locations of the most important places mentioned, the positions of the contending armies, and the general appearance of the surrounding country.

R. C. McC., Jr.

New York, *June* 15*th*, 1855.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I. PAGE

Excitement in Constantinople.—Troops going to the camp.—Arrival of the sick and wounded.—Determination to visit the seat of war.—Admiral Boxer.—Departure.—A steward's miscalculation.—The voyage.—Companions.—An eccentric Scotchman.—Entrance to Balaklava.—The harbor.—The village.—Luxuriant grape-vines.—The former inhabitants.—Genoese fortifications.—Greek pirates.—Prof. Pallas's account of the former condition of Balaklava.—Smuggling, ... 17

CHAPTER II.

The Medway's cargo.—Officers after provisions.—Long-legged boots in demand.—Heavy rain.—The mud.—First impressions of the village.—Forlorn-looking soldiers.—Search for lodgings.—Ship John Masterman.—Small boats.—Dangerous navigation.—Destitution of boatmen, ... 26

CHAPTER III.

Christmas in the camp.—Good dinner on shipboard—The science of foraging.—The Balaklava traders.—"For officers only."—Roadside dealers.—Very fine cheese.—The bakery.—The Commissariat ponies.—Their sufferings.—Buffaloes.—Mules.—Krim Tartar drivers.—Their grotesquerie.—Their mode of eating, ... 33

CHAPTER IV.

PAGE

The weather.—Snow storms.—The old residents.—Account of the winters.—Depth of the snow.—Good sleighing.—Lack of sleighs—Odd appearance of the English officers and men.—Long sheepskin coats.—India rubber coats.—Fur caps and gloves.—Great need of a full supply of winter clothing.—A cold day in a tent.—Inferior woollen goods.—Great gale of November 14th.—Ships lost.—Duke of Cambridge.—The Prince.—Wrecks of vessels along the shore.—Censure of the authorities.—Praiseworthy attempts to save life.—The storm in the camp, ... 41

CHAPTER V.

Distance from Balaklava to the trenches.—Hills.—Mud cabins.—Novel sight.—Regiments living underground.—The fortifications around Balaklava.—The batteries.—Roving Cossacks.—The Turkish cemetery.—Rude mode of burial.—An English cemetery.—Sad and solemn scenes.—The road to Kadukoi.—Havoc among the vineyards.—The village of Kadukoi.—Officers' houses.—Sir Colin Campbell.—Lord Lucan.—Roads to the "front."—The Cossacks take two prisoners, ... 51

CHAPTER VI.

Excursions through the camp.—Horses.—An Arab charger.—The tents.—The French horns.—Drilling at noon.—Arrangement of the divisions.—The second division.—A walk through the deep snow.—Adjutant Brown, of the ninety-fifth regiment.—Thronged boats.—Lord Raglan.—His facetiousness.—Adjutant Brown's tent.—Small stove.—Hard push for fuel.—Camp business.—A man full of work.—"General orders."—A printing press in the camp.—Tea.—Going to bed.—A fine morning.—Brilliant sunrise.—Walk to Inkerman heights.—Sevastopol.—A good-natured Frenchman.—Breakfast, 57

CHAPTER VII.

Sevastopol.—Latitude and longitude.—Distance from St. Petersburgh.—Conveyance of the mails.—Beautiful location of the city.—The harbor.—The Tchernaya Retchka.—The valley of Inkerman.—The inner harbor.—Careening bay.—Sunken ships.—The city.—Mr. Upton.—Population of Sevastopol.—Buildings and streets.—Naval library.—Theatre.—Exodus of the women.—Laurence Oliphant's view of Sevastopol.—Inkerman the "city of caverns," 67

CHAPTER VIII. PAGE

Position of the English and French trenches and batteries.—Water in the trenches.—Effects of the frost.—Trench duty.—Cool conduct of the men.—Entrance to the trenches.—Killed and wounded.—Lancaster guns.—Captain Peel.—Getting up the guns.—The "valley of the shadow of death."—A calculation.—Mortar batteries at Inkerman.—Fine view.—The Zouaves.—Roar of the cannon.—Sorties.—Ravines.—Caves.—Washing operations.—Collars.—Shirts, ... 77

CHAPTER IX.

Lieutenant Macgregor.—The "celestials."—The field of Inkerman.—Relics of the battle.—Dead Russians.—Russian batteries.—The outside army.—French soldiers gathering fire-wood.—Aqueduct.—Dead horses.—Dinner in the camp.—Tent.—Bed.—A walk to Karani.—French officers.—Major Levison.—The Turks.—A staff surgeon.—Good coffee.—Condition of the horses in the Turkish service, ... 87

CHAPTER X.

Position of the allied fleet.—Sir Edmund Lyons.—Captain Heath.—Captain Christie.—Turkish steamers.—The sailors' anxiety to fight.—Omer Pasha.—Osman Pasha.—The Turkish hospital.—Appearance of the invalid Turks.—Their cruel treatment.—Turkish officers.—Interpreters.—The cold weather.—The Turkish clothing.—Long gray coats.—A Turk on picket.—A winter campaign in Russia.—A longing for the banks of the Rhine, or sunny Italy, ... 95

CHAPTER XI.

The English and French armies.—The contrast.—The Frenchman's peculiarities.—Intemperance.—A strange scene.—A soldier's opinion.—Prompt pay.—Prodigality of the men.—Irishmen.—Their wit and humor.—Good stories.—Lieutenant Wylde.—"Esprit de corps."—Captain Benson.—A Highlander looking for his "piece," 101

CHAPTER XII.

The head-quarters of Lord Raglan and General Canrobert.—Lord Raglan's appearance.—Staff officers.—General Canrobert.—Generals Pelissier and Bosquet.—General Canrobert's style of going through the camp.—Generals

PAGE

Cathcart and Strangways.—The officers' cemetery.—Lords Cardigan and Lucan.—Captain Nolan.—General Sir De Lacy Evans and other commanding officers.—Sir Colin Campbell.—The officers of the medical and commissariat departments.—Dr. Jenner.—A ludicrous incident, ... 109

CHAPTER XIII.

Disregard for the Sabbath.—Destitution of chaplains.—The church in Balaklava.—The chaplain of the forces.—His assistant.—Their labors.—Mr. Matheson, of the Soldier's Friend Society.—Adjutant-general Estcourt.—Lord Raglan and the Bible.—Mr. Righter.—The Bible in the camp.—The soldiers interested.—The American Bible Society, ... 116

CHAPTER XIV.

Vessels in the harbor of Balaklava.—American ships.—Cunard steamers.—Fires.—Recklessness of the captain of a powder-ship.—Fire annihilator.—Luxuries for the men.—Ammunition.—French assistance.—Carrying up the shot and shell.—The Zouaves.—The railways.—The navvies.—Railway office.—Sir Samuel Morton Peto.—The postal arrangements extremely unsatisfactory, ... 127

CHAPTER XV.

A reconnaissance.—Kannara.—The Crimean villages and towns.—Products of the soil.—Aloupka, the magnificent residence of Prince Woronzoff.—Prince Menschicoff.—Simpheropol.—Eupatoria.—The Alma.—Perekop.—Kertch.—Arabat.—Sea of Azof.—John Howard, the philanthropist.—A curious letter from him, ... 139

CHAPTER XVI.

Wooden huts for the troops.—Their dimensions.—Labor of their transportation from the harbor.—Extraordinary want of "common sense."—Lord Raglan.—Commissariat, quartermaster's, and medical departments.—The general mismanagement.—Alleviating circumstances.—Surprise at the American feeling, ... 153

CHAPTER XVII.

Return to Constantinople.—Captain Christie.—The steamer Golden Fleece.—Getting out of the harbor.—Passengers.—Two ladies.—Visits to the forward

PAGE

cabin.—The sick and dying.—Rude orderlies.—Indifferent surgeons.—Tracts.—A death and burial.—A wounded man's regard for his mother.—The voyage.—Sunshine.—Coming to anchor.—Scutari and Smyrna, . . . 160

CHAPTER XVIII.

A visit to the great French hospital at Pera.—Extensive building.—Beautiful location.—Turkish porters.—Cast-off equipments of war.—Piles of wood.—Stoves and stove-pipe.—A cockney's dislike to Constantinople.—The "saloons."—The sick.—The kitchen.—Delicacies.—Excellent arrangements, . 168

CHAPTER XIX.

Visit to the English hospitals at Scutari.—The ferry.—The Maiden's Tower.—Legends.—Scutari.—The streets.—Industry.—The great cemetery.—The barrack hospital.—Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge.—Correspondence.—Miss Nightingale.—Hon. and Rev. Sidney G. Osborne.—Condition of the sick and wounded, ... 175

CHAPTER XX.

Continued excitement in Constantinople.—Hospital hulks.—The navy yard.—Turkish vessels.—Russian prisoners.—Influx of English and French.—Street scenes.—Proceedings of the Allied sailors.—Rum doing its work.—The Turkish guards.—The alliance.—Aggressive spirit.—Lord Stratford de Redcliffe.—The ladies at work.—The tradesmen.—Sons of St. Crispin.—Hotels.—The Duke of Cambridge.—The Custom House.—Hon. Carroll Spence.—J. Porter Brown, Esq.—Americans in the Turkish army.—The Missionaries. 197

List of Illustrations.

PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN THE EAST, Frontispiece.

THE HARBOR OF BALAKLAVA, ... 26

THE ROAD FROM BALAKLAVA TO KADUKOI, ... 54

PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE POSITION OF THE ARMIES, . . 67

DIAMOND BATTERY, ... 80

HEAD-QUARTERS OF LORD RAGLAN, ... 109

SENTINEL OF THE ZOUAVES, ... 132

ZOUAVES, ... 168

A VISIT

TO THE

CAMP BEFORE SEVASTOPOL.

CHAPTER I.

EXCITEMENT IN CONSTANTINOPLE.—TROOPS GOING TO THE CAMP.—ARRIVAL OF THE SICK AND WOUNDED.—DETERMINATION TO VISIT THE SEAT OF WAR.—ADMIRAL BOXER.—DEPARTURE.—A STEWARD'S MISCALCULATION.—THE VOYAGE.—COMPANIONS.—AN ECCENTRIC SCOTCHMAN.—ENTRANCE TO BALAKLAVA.—THE HARBOR.—THE VILLAGE.—LUXURIANT GRAPE VINES.—THE FORMER INHABITANTS.—GENOESE FORTIFICATIONS.—GREEK PIRATES.—PROF. PALLAS'S ACCOUNT OF THE FORMER CONDITION OF BALAKLAVA.—SMUGGLING.

UPON my arrival at Constantinople, on the first day of December last, I found that metropolis in a state of intense excitement, consequent upon the constant arrival and departure of immense numbers of French and English troops, on their way to the great camp before Sevastopol, as well as from the daily reception

of shiploads of sick and wounded at the mammoth army hospitals at Pera and Scutari.

The hotels were literally crowded with shattered and diseased officers from the camp, or fresh and enthusiastic volunteers just from home and happiness, and yet only anxious to reach the batteries and the trenches. In the streets I was jostled on every side by throngs of gayly uniformed men, and at my hotel meals, my companions only talked of the progress of the tedious siege. A thousand things combined to remind me of my proximity to the seat of actual, terrible war, and I was somewhat surprised that a previously cherished desire to visit the camp, was in no wise weakened by the many suggestions of danger, starvation, etc.

There were many vessels going to the Crimea, but it was the most difficult matter to find out when they were going. The officers were generally unable to afford any definite idea. At last having, by dint of continued inquiry, been so fortunate as to ascertain that the transport steamer Medway (1800 tons), of the West India Royal Mail Steam Packet Company's line, would be likely to sail in a few days, I made application, through a member of our legation, to Rear-Admiral Boxer, then the chief English naval officer at the Porte, for an order for

passage, as no one could be received on any of the vessels in the government service without such authority. It was readily granted; and on the twenty-first day of December, after a dozen previously appointed dates of departure, the Medway left her anchorage in the Golden Horn.

The steward had made a miscalculation in his arrangements, and we had to halt for the arrival of a longboat, freighted with huge cuts of fresh meat, and big baskets of good-looking vegetables. Two or three passengers were also behind time, and came rushing on board, greatly exasperated at the captain's evident intention to have gone without them!

Two hours of steam work carried us through the ever beautiful Bosphorus, and when the sun had passed behind the western hills, we entered upon the turbulent waters of the broad Black Sea.

The voyage was by no means a smooth one; at times the heavy waves seemed bent on doing us serious injury, but the stanch old British oak of our good ship had withstood the fury of many an angry gale, and fairly smiled at the rude jostling. We had a goodly number of passengers, and a large proportion of them were called to an account by Father Neptune. Nearly all were military men; several had been absent from the camp but a few days; others were

fresh from home. My own companions were the Rev. Chester N. Righter, the newly appointed Constantinople agent of the American Bible Society, and F. H. D'Estemauville, Esq., then an *attaché* of the American Legation at the Sublime Porte. Mr. Righter having concluded, after much consideration, that it would be well for him to visit the camp, and ascertain from personal observation whether the troops were fully supplied with the "Word of life," intimations to the contrary having been freely circulated.

To both of these gentlemen I must acknowledge my indebtedness for much kind attention, especially during my residence in Constantinople, where it was my pleasure to occupy lodgings with the former, and enjoy frequent visits from the latter.

A Mr. M——, from Glasgow, "a travelling gentleman, with spectacles," was the most original of our passengers. His whole mind was absorbed with the hope of "getting only one sight at the camp and the trenches," particularly the latter. Naturally suspicious as to the probability of obtaining any thing to eat in such a barren place as the Crimea, he had carefully provided himself with a ham, several boxes of sardines, a number of bottles of "old sherry," and an equal quantity of "something stronger," together

with a very large supply of lucifer matches, which he hired a Turkish boatman to procure for him at the very moment the ship was getting under way, having incidentally heard a bystander remark, that the poor fellows in the camp were *match*-less.

The distance from Constantinople to Balaklava, the English port near Sevastopol, is estimated at three hundred and six miles. The Banshee, a very fast steamer, detailed for Lord Raglan's especial service, to carry despatches, etc., had made the run in twenty-three hours. From forty to fifty hours were usually allowed for steamers, and almost any time for sailing craft, so uncertain was the weather.

In forty hours from the time of weighing our anchor, opposite the Sultan's new metropolitan palace, we were snugly moored in the curious little harbor of Balaklava, beyond doubt one of the most remarkable in the explored world. The entrance from the sea cannot be seen at a cannon-shot distance. I stood on the forward deck of the Medway for an hour or two, busily seeking for it, as she appeared to be steering directly into a lofty ledge of barren rocks. One might sail by a hundred times without discovering the secluded inlet. Those masters of vessels who have never entered the harbor have to "come to" outside, and send a small boat to

pick the way. It would be somewhat difficult for two large ships to pass in at one time.

Once in the harbor, we were completely landlocked by high and steep hills, seeming to afford our good ship protection from the sea as completely as though she were moored in the Atlantic Dock.

The village of Balaklava is small and insignificant. Three or four streets run parallel with the beach, and several narrow lanes cross them at right angles. The houses are all low and long, with piazzas. Fine shade trees and luxuriant grape vines ornamented the gardens of the humble residents, and the surrounding country presented a delightful aspect of peace and beauty until the devastating hand of war seized upon it, and scattered all to waste.

When the army and navy reached the town and its vicinity at the close of September, the grapes clustered in profusion and rich ripeness, and those who feasted upon them for several days gave me the most glowing description of their size and flavor.

The inhabitants were all driven from the village on the ninth of October last. On the morning of that day a Russian soldier was taken prisoner, having in his possession a letter directed to certain parties residing in the village, which instructed them to set fire to the town that very evening, as an attack would

be made on the allies at the same time by the Russians. What seemed to render this probable, was the fact of the Greeks having been actively engaged, during all of the previous day and that morning, in preparations to leave the town, under the plea that they could get nothing to eat, and must therefore remove their families to the mountains.

Lord Raglan came down from head-quarters, and had the whole male population summoned to meet him, when, by means of an interpreter, he informed them that the entire male adult population must leave the place within three hours; women and children might remain, but any man found in the village after that period would be shot.

There are no fine buildings in the village, nor any thing of ancient or modern interest, save perhaps the dilapidated remains of a once extensive and massive stone wall, with round towers and a formidable fortress, all of which are said to have been built by the enterprising and powerful Genoese, a very long time ago. The fortress, like all the strong places of the Genoese and Greeks in this peninsula, is erected on inaccessible rocks, close to the mouth of the harbor, on the eastern side—a most commanding position.

A band of Greek pirates (no worse, I hope, than the Greek pirates of the present day) are said to

have been the original settlers of Balaklava, and to have received a military tenure from the Empress Catherine, having rendered good service in her wars with the Turks.

The following account of the former condition of the town and harbor is from Prof. Pallas's Travels: —"The town of Balaklava probably received its modern name from the strong Greek castle of Pallakium. It was formerly inhabited by Tartars; but as most of the natives emigrated or were dispersed when the Crimea was occupied by the Russians, this town, together with the surrounding country extending to the banks of the Buyouk-Oushen, including the villages of Kadikoi, Karani, Kamara, and Alssu (after removing the rest of the Tartar families to other places) were granted as settlements to a regiment of Albanians, now reduced to one battalion. Thus Balaklava has been completely changed into a Greek town.

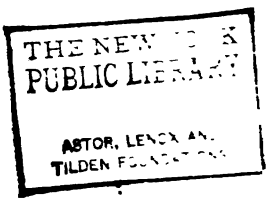
"Balaklava is situated close to the harbor, along the foot of the mountains. As the port is deep, sheltered by lofty mountains, and contracted towards the sea, its waters are in general as calm as those of a pond. The length of the harbor does not exceed one verst and a half [one mile], and its breadth is about two hundred fathoms. The entrance is very deep,

yet, being confined within high rocks, its channel scarcely admits two vessels to sail abreast. Notwithstanding the apparent danger in entering this port, it afforded a salutary refuge to such vessels as were driven by storms against the Crimean peninsula, without being able to double the cape of the Chersonesus. As, however, smuggling could not be easily prevented, on account of the confined situation of the harbor, government was at length induced, in the year 1796, to prohibit all ships whatever from entering it; because the mercenary Greeks readily encouraged illicit traffic, so as continually to expose this neighborhood to infection from the plague. A small rivulet proceeding from Kamara, and another brook arising from the western mountains, discharge themselves into the extremity of the haven."

CHAPTER II.

THE MEDWAY'S CARGO.—OFFICERS AFTER PROVISIONS.—LONG-LEGGED BOOTS IN DEMAND.—HEAVY RAIN.—THE MUD.—FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE VILLAGE.—FORLORN-LOOKING SOLDIERS.—SEARCH FOR LODGINGS.—SHIP JOHN MASTERMAN.—SMALL BOATS.—DANGEROUS NAVIGATION.—DESTITUTION OF BOATMEN.

THE Medway had an assorted cargo—a little of every thing—camp stoves and stove-pipe in any quantity, and no less than fourteen hundred bags of charcoal; rum, plenty of it; soldiers, sheep, horses, and wheelbarrows; surgeons, civil engineers; and a world of large and small, round, square, and triangular boxes, bales, and parcels of every imaginable species of goods, mainly for the use of the army. I noticed many neatly prepared packages, delicately marked, evidently tokens of the kind remembrance of wives, mothers, and sisters at home—those dear ones whose affection follows the husband, the son, the brother, wherever he may roam. Many a poor fellow's heart was made glad by the arrival of our heavily laden ship. I heard one gallant officer say,


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BOR OF BALAKLAVA.

TOWARDS THE BLACK SEA.)

that the receipt of a small parcel of good things (clothing and provisions) from home, cheered him more than would the arrival of a reinforcement of twenty thousand men. As soon as we had anchored, army and navy officers—men worth thousands of pounds—rushed on board, anxiously seeking an interview with the steward. One went away with a keg of butter, another took off a turkey, another made a prize of a head of cabbage; while another carried a basket of bread; and still another walked off with a live sheep! and seldom have I seen men better satisfied with their purchases.

Many inquiries were made for long-legged waterproof boots, and India rubber coats and leggins, and several of our passengers who had brought some of these articles on speculation, effected a speedy and profitable disposal of their stock. I remember that one officer "from the front" was overwhelmed with delight at the opportunity of securing a pair of India rubber boots at the moderate charge of $17.00.

It rained merrily as we entered the harbor, and indeed during the entire day, as well as the succeeding one. I thought that I had never seen such a doleful place. The ship having been fastened very near to the shore, we could plainly see every thing that was going on in the village. There was little to

induce us to encounter the thick black mud through which we saw the well-drenched soldiers "plodding their weary way." But, curious to find how matters appeared on a still closer inspection, a walk through the miserable streets was finally agreed upon. How shall I describe our first impressions? Confusion worse confounded stamped every thing. Men, horses, wagons and carts crowded the slimy beach, where all sorts of stores were carelessly scattered. The horses mere breathing skeletons; the men jaded and worn; not one in complete uniform, and every jacket and cap as tattered and forlorn as though it had been through all the wars of the last dozen centuries. As I looked in utter amazement upon the soiled habiliments and mud-spangled faces of the once gay sons of Mars, my mind appropriated to them the language of King Henry the Fifth:

> "We are but soldiers for the working day!
> Our gayness, and our gilt, are all besmirch'd
> With rainy marching in the painful field;
> There's not a piece of feather in our host
> (Good argument, I hope, we shall not fly);—
> And time has worn us into slovenry:
> But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim."

Learning, to our surprise, that we could not be allowed to remain on the Medway even for a day or

two longer, as she was to be immediately filled with sick officers, we were forced to seek for other quarters, and, calling upon Captain Lawrence, of the ship Orient, transport No. 78, to whom we had been recommended, he kindly directed us to Captain Liddle, of the ship Bride, transport No. 27. Captain L.'s cabins were quite full enough for comfort, but he promised us shelter in the event of our being unable to secure any better accommodations.

In the evening we received a visit from Captain Liddle, who informed us that he had secured rooms for us on the ship John Masterman (of London), transport No. 9, Captain Robert McRuvie. The next morning we moved to the Masterman. She was anchored on the west side of the harbor, and filled with medical stores, oddly nicknamed "medical comforts."

Captain McRuvie, as the number of his vessel indicates, was engaged in the service at the very commencement of the war. He carried out an artillery company, and was for some time stationed at Varna, that Bulgarian plague-spot, where so many of England's noblest sons fell a prey to a terrible fever now generally known as the Varna fever. I made my home on the Masterman during my visit, spending much of my time in the camp, but generally returning to my state-room at night; for in the damp, cold,

cheerless, snowy weather, it was superior both in comfort and healthfulness to the camp beds. Captain McRuvie has my best thanks for the attention shown me, and I hope that ere this he has had the opportunity of returning to his loved Scotch home, there to enjoy a season of rest, far away from the loathsome scenes with which he was so long surrounded.

Access to the shore was only had by boats, and it was something of a journey to go across the harbor, and then through the closely stowed vessels on the east or village side, for there every thing had to be landed. The harbor was generally thronged with small boats, long-boats, and life-boats, of every size, from the slender gig of the captain of the port, to a clumsy Maltese jolly-boat. The navigation in these small craft was at times attended with no little danger, owing to the hawsers of the ships extending clear across the harbor, in order to secure a hold on the rough rocks on the west side. When the wind blew even gently, these ropes swayed up and down very lively, and woe to the small boat caught on one of them at the rising moment. My friend D. had a box of valuable articles, including an amount of money, dumped out by the sudden uplifting of his boat, and it was only by an unusual good fortune that he escaped following his treasure to the bottom of the deep

harbor. The anchors of several of the ships were planted in the village nearly up to the second street. When the wind blew, the rocking motion of the vessels shook the chains and cables terribly, and as they went directly across the beach road, there were many ludicrous yet disagreeable instances of horses and men getting an unexpected and unpleasant elevation or overthrow. With the exception of one or two Maltese and Turkish or Greek boats, there were none in the harbor but those belonging to the various ships. A score of practised boatmen, like the caiquegees of Constantinople, might have accumulated small fortunes, so great was the demand for boats; in fact, every thing had to be taken to and from the ships by their agency.

CHAPTER III.

CHRISTMAS IN THE CAMP—GOOD DINNER ON SHIPBOARD—THE SCIENCE OF FORAGING—THE BALAKLAVA TRADERS—"FOR OFFICERS ONLY"—ROADSIDE DEALERS—VERY FINE CHEESE—THE BAKERY—THE COMMISSARIAT PONIES—THEIR SUFFERINGS—BUFFALOES—MULES—KRIM TARTAR DRIVERS—THEIR GROTESQUERIE—THEIR MODE OF EATING.

CHRISTMAS was a lovely day in the Crimea, clear and sunny, and just cool enough to be agreeable. The little pools by the roadside were all frozen, but the ground appeared frostless. Having been kindly favored with a superior charger by Capt. Mitchell, of the Artillery, I started off at an early hour on my first tour through the camp. Hundreds of men were flocking into Balaklava—some on foot, some on horseback, and some in camp wagons. The flags were hoisted on the shipping, and ever and anon I heard the shout of "Merry Christmas." Yet I fear the day was far from merry, or even comfortable, to many—many who had been used to roast beef and plum pudding, and all the glorious circumstances attending the holiday, as observed at home, in Merrie Old England. However, in many of the tents of the officers, good dinners were

served up, and I can testify to the superiority of the refreshments dealt out that day on shipboard. Our clever Scotch captain gave us as good roast turkey, goose, pork, and beef—not missing the plum pudding—as we could have looked for under more favorable circumstances, and he kindly sent a giant plum pudding to some of his friends in the camp.

We had a large dinner party on the Masterman, and indeed the land force had a very general entertainment by that of the sea. Nearly every captain in port had a number of camp friends around him, and good dinners were quite abundant. The overworked men of the advance stations, the batteries, trenches, etc., were always ready for a ship dinner, and it was gratifying to note the liberality and kindness universally extended to them by the shipmasters.

Commend me to an old sailor to forage for the table. If there is any thing to be had worth having he'll have it! Some of the most amusing illustrations of the important science of foraging came under my eye. As soon as a ship entered the port she was boarded, and her steward instantly put to his bartering trumps. Turkeys were always in great demand; beef, mutton, and potatoes were eagerly sought for, and a pig was never thought at all amiss.

I heard a captain, who was in his small boat by

the side of a newly arrived vessel, on Christmas morning, inquire whether there was any important news. "No," was the quick reply, "but I've got a splendid turkey!"

The shopkeepers of Balaklava, chiefly small-souled Maltese, dealt largely in animated cheese, mouldy tobacco, cracked pipes, sour beer, and the usual variety of staple commodities found in small "up-country" stores. They occupied a row of low rickety sheds on the main street, for some time, but were finally all driven to Kadukoi, a mile or two away, as the sheds were sadly needed by the Commissariat department.

One Oppenheim, a German I believe, monopolized the largest portion of the trade, though his stock was by no means choice or extensive, while his prices, like those of his contemporaries, were exorbitant in the extreme. In spite of all this, his establishment was thronged with greedy customers day in and day out. I occasionally dropped in at the room which he designated "for officers only," and always wondered where he could manage to find a worse place for the reception of his customers from the rank and file.

By the main road just at the entrance to the village, a mongrel set of camp followers sold "very good cheese," dry figs, sprouting onions, plug tobacco, and

other like delicacies. Their customers were numerous, and although their mode of using stones of various sizes for weights never seemed to give entire satisfaction, they contrived to carry on a highly profitable trade. They, too, were ultimately driven off to Kadukoi, but having no shop fixtures to trouble them, the matter of a change from the mud of Balaklava to the mud of that elegant suburb was a source of no grievance.

The article offered by these sagacious speculators as "very good cheese," was prepared in round forms of about the size of a 32 lb. shot, and nearly as hard. In the absence of a supply of ammunition, they might have been thrown against the Russian walls with startling effect. For the ordinary mission of cheese they were about as well qualified as though they had been carved from a granite quarry.

The "plug tobacco" recommended as "very fine" might, on an emergency, have served to spike down a railway track.

Occasionally it was possible to get hold of a head of cabbage, or a bag of potatoes, from the shopkeepers. I asked a man who had a supply of *fresh* cabbage, where it came from. "Malta, sir," was the reply.

I made many excursions through the streets of Balaklava, to study the ceaseless excitement. A

favorite place of observation was a bakery, established by a cunning Frenchman, in one of the oldest cellars on the main street. To this both officers and men crowded as soon as they entered the village. The rarest confusion ensued, from the violent disputation as to who should be served first; for, the oven being of limited capacity, the first baking was all sold in a few moments. The loaves were dealt out immediately on being drawn from the oven, at different hours throughout the day, and the shillings rolled into the lucky baker's hands at a merry rate. The hungry customers often consumed loaf after loaf before going ten rods from the oven. On one occasion I saw two hardy chaps who joined in the purchase of a loaf (the price, two shillings sterling, being rather extravagant for a single purse), break it into halves, and eat it all on the spot, with as much avidity as a spoiled child would dispose of a slice of plum cake. While standing by at another time, a burly-looking fellow shouted to a comrade with the most exultant enthusiasm, "I say, Bill, this is the first bread I've tasted since I left old England."

The baker always maintained a very high standing among the full-grown lions of the village. He has probably retired by this time, with a fortune

amply sufficient to satiate the anticipations of his most sanguine heirs.

The character of his bread was always very fair. How or where he got his flour, I never learned.

The Commissariat ponies and drivers left the village every morning with the provisions, for the several divisions. Large baskets, or panniers, were fastened on the backs of the ponies, and in these the biscuit and beef was carelessly thrown. It was frequently the case that in the transmission from cask to basket, the beef fell into the mud. "Is that your beef?" said a chap to his companion, who had just rescued a huge chunk of "Ohio fed" which had buried itself in the beach mud, and thrown it into one of the baskets. "No," was the sharp reply, "but it's somebody's beef!"

The drivers each had some six or eight ponies to look after, and in the tangled mass of stores and human beings, it was very difficult for them to get their loads and effect a clearance. The ration rum was transported to the camp in small casks, one tied on each side of the mule or horse conveying it.

Nothing could exaggerate the miserable lot of the Commissariat ponies. It was generally late in the afternoon, and sometimes very late at night, when they returned from their toilsome camp journey.

Then, instead of the comfort of a shed to shelter them from the bitter weather, they were promiscuously huddled into an open field back of the village, there to live on a meagre supply of cut straw or coarse hay, without even the benefit of curry-comb, blanket, or bedding. During the icy weather, the smooth flat shoes worn in nearly every instance, exposed the jaded animals to the most painful casualties. Shiploads of fresh horses were constantly arriving from Varna. Many died on the way, and the whole camp bore revolting testimony to their rapid demise under the privations of the service. Many fell down with exhaustion before they had proceeded even one mile on their way to the camp. The packsaddles were instantly removed, and the poor creatures abandoned to die by inches, though now and then a humane man would relieve their tedious agony, by the skilful application of his revolver.

Every road was lined with decaying carcasses. I have passed by a hundred in a single day.

During the month of January a large number of oxen or "buffaloes," as they were universally termed, were brought from some distant point and put under the charge of my attentive friend, Capt. Mitchell, of the Artillery, who, anticipating their arrival, had

caused extensive and comfortable sheds to be provided for their reception.

The steamer Trent also brought some three hundred first-class mules from Alicant, in Spain. They were remarkably stout, fat and glossy; and as I saw them ranged along the muddy beach, when they were first landed, they looked spirited and gay. Two weeks of commissariat labor changed their appearance wonderfully. It seems almost incredible that animals should have lived at all under such treatment and scanty food, as they never failed to be subject to during the entire winter.

I have hinted at the drivers of the skeleton ponies. They were chiefly Krim Tartars, engaged by the commissariat department at Eupatoria, if I mistake not. They were certainly the most innocent and original looking fellows imaginable, adding to the happy-go-easy manner of the fresh caught Chinaman, a stupidity and slothfulness almost equalling that of the Turkish soldiery; though their brief, drumlike bodies, plump, elastic cheeks, and sparkling little ebony eyes, contrasted strongly with those of the cadaverous, war-worn and disease-stricken Mussulmen, perhaps I am wrong in pronouncing them nearly so stupid, for I have to own, that I distinctly remember to have seen one of their number revel in a hearty

laugh, and another affect to whistle a fantastic air, —freaks of which no Crimean Turk was ever guilty.

The slow and easy, harmless, round-faced, short-legged Krim Tartars were a novel and useful acquisition to the already promiscuous population of the camp. My risible faculties were always excited as I saw them shambling about in their venerable frocks, and black sheepskin caps. They quartered in several of the crevice-crowded hovels in Balaklava; and where filth, disorder, and the cold held dominant sway at all times, they "murmured not at all." A large party of them would gather around a huge black pot of water-logged or parboiled buscuit, placed in the centre of a mud-paved room, and proceed to make a meal from this single and uninviting dish (substituting their dexterous fingers for knives and forks), with as much gusto as a Fifth Avenue epicure would from the first lamb and peas of the season. But they had their privations and sufferings, deep and constant, the good-natured fellows.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WEATHER—SNOW STORMS—THE OLD RESIDENTS—ACCOUNT OF THE WINTERS—DEPTH OF THE SNOW—GOOD SLEIGHING—LACK OF SLEIGHS—ODD APPEARANCE OF THE ENGLISH OFFICERS AND MEN—LONG SHEEPSKIN COATS—INDIA RUBBER COATS—FUR CAPS AND GLOVES—GREAT NEED OF A FULL SUPPLY OF WINTER CLOTHING—A COLD DAY IN A TENT—INFERIOR WOOLLEN GOODS—GREAT GALE OF NOVEMBER 14TH—SHIPS LOST—DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE—THE PRINCE—WRECKS OF VESSELS ALONG THE SHORE—CENSURE OF THE AUTHORITIES—PRAISEWORTHY ATTEMPTS TO SAVE LIFE—THE STORM IN THE CAMP.

THE early days of January were fruitful in snow storms, and for some two weeks the mud was kept out of sight. The weather, however, was not very cold, excepting on one or two occasions. I do not think the climate is any thing like so severe as that of New York.

In an interesting little volume, from the pen of a lady resident for some years in the vicinity of the Alma, recently issued by my enterprising friends, Messrs. Partridge & Oakey, of London, I find the annexed allusion to the Crimean winters.

"If we are to believe the aged Tartars, the win-

ters in former times were much less rigorous, and the drought of summer less frequent than what is now experienced; but whether this is really the case, or whether it is merely the result of that feeling so common to the aged, which leads them to look back on the past as the good old times, it is now difficult to decide."

"The weather during the winter is as changeable as that of the summer is settled and steady. The most severe cold which I have felt or heard of in the neighborhood of Simpheropol, was twenty degrees below zero (Farenheit), and the greatest heat a hundred degrees above it; but these are extremes, which are of rare occurrence and of short duration."

"At Sevastopol the cold is generally five or six degrees less than at Simpheropol; while at the south coast there is a difference of from twenty to twenty-five degrees. The coldest weather is during the month of January and part of February, when there is generally snow, hard frost, or what is more difficult to bear than either, a pretty severe frost accompanied by a strong north wind, which penetrates through flannels and furs, and forces the traveller to retreat to the shelter of a well-heated room. The snow seldom lies long on the ground, and the most ungenial and trying seasons are relieved by frequent intervals

of fine weather. During the latter part of the month of February, immense numbers of starlings begin to appear, and are welcomed as the harbingers of spring. They always assemble near the habitations of men, and being reckoned birds of good omen among the Russian peasantry, small houses, like dove-cots, are erected on poles close to their dwellings, ready for their reception."

The snow was from one to two feet deep on a level, and the drifts from five to six feet. I saw the high wheels of several Turkish gun-carriages at an exposed battery above the "Field of Balaklava," completely buried in snow.

It was not so great a hindrance to transportation as the heavy mud before prevailing, and had the proper authorities thought to have prepared a few sleds or sleighs, they would have proved of extraordinary service, for a few days at all events, in the conveyance of the food and clothing so greatly needed throughout the camp, but especially by the regiments the more remote from the depot. When the air had grown mild and the snow had disappeared, I found that the army wheelwrights had completed several substantial sleds.

The grotesque appearance of both officers and men during the severe weather, could scarcely have been

excelled by any gathering of California gold-diggers. No one thought for a moment of regimental regularity in dress. Any thing suited to keep out the cold and wet, was gladly seized upon. Hundreds of long white sheepskin coats of Turkish manufacture were brought from Constantinople. They reached nearly to the heels of their wearers, and were elaborately ornamented on their backs, from top to bottom, with gaudy wreaths of needle-worked flowers. Another variety of sheepskin wrapper, short and heavy, was also widely dispensed. Those who could get long-legged boots always wore them. I saw one company (artillerymen, I think,) all rigged in long India-rubber coats. Several of the regiments just from home were provided with fur caps and gloves. They were, of course, subject to any amount of envy from their shivering comrades. It was not until February that the necessary supplies of winter clothing had all arrived. That this unpardonable delay was the immediate cause of intense suffering in many of the regiments, my own observation gave me mournful evidence. The inferior quality of many of the articles of clothing first sent out, was a source of much dissatisfaction. Entering a tent on one of the coldest days of the season, I sat down among the dozen occupants, and began to inquire how they were getting along in their canvas home. After lis-

tening to a variety of complaints about food, fuel, delay, inaction, etc., one of the men stretched his hand up to the top of the tent pole, and handing me a thin red woollen comforter, such as a Connecticut schoolboy would have thought "rather stern," he said, "Look, sir, what do you think of this for winter service in such a climate?" The flimsy character of the article was so distinct that I could but say, "I think it exceedingly inappropriate." He then drew a flannel shirt from under his blanket, and again asked, "What do you think of this, sir?" It was small, tender, and well suited for a boy's use in spring or summer. I thought that the aggravated recipient of these comparatively useless articles, was quite right in preserving them as "curiosities," as he told me it was his intention to do. They should have been returned to the home authorities, who were evidently grossly deceived by their agents or contractors, for I am well satisfied that the English government would never wilfully impose in any way upon its hard-working soldiers or sailors.

It will be remembered that a very large quantity of clothing was totally lost in the extraordinary storm of the fourteenth of November, a day ever to be vividly remembered by those who chanced to be on or near the Black Sea.

In this terrific hurricane and unparalleled storm, a large fleet of valuable transport ships were totally destroyed just at the mouth of the harbor, while many others were lost at Katcha; and a great number were severely shattered and rendered unfit for future service, unless extensively repaired. The Retribution, an English war steamer on which the Duke of Cambridge was about to return to Constantinople, had a very narrow escape; her guns were thrown overboard. The Resistance, a powder ship entirely lost, contained a large quantity of ammunition. The Prince, a superb iron screw steamer, went down with one hundred and fifty men and an immense cargo of warm clothing for the army. Other lives were lost, and vast quantities of valuable and much needed stores. The remnants of the wrecks still strew the rocky beach for several miles in extent. The machinery of the Prince lies imbedded in the sand, and can be plainly discerned through the clear water. It will probably be recovered. Fragments of wood fairly cover the coast for a long distance, and had there been a united effort to gather them in small boats, as might easily have been done, I was told that there would have been sufficient for a full winter's supply of fuel for every tent in the camp! (How much better it would have

been than the dangerous charcoal!) But, for some reason or other, the harbor-master would not permit of its collection by any of the ships' boats, and all that was obtained was carried up on the backs of the half-frozen Highlanders, Marines, and Zouaves, who, from their cold encampment on the hill tops to the east of the village, managed by great labor and daring agility to crawl down the precipitous rocks, and thus secure a supply barely adequate for their immediate wants.

Much censure has been cast upon certain parties high in power, who, it is said, forced the ships that were lost to remain out of the safe and then uncrowded harbor, at a deep and exceedingly dangerous anchorage, even when they had ample evidence of the approach of a severe storm, and in opposition to the repeated and urgent requests for admission made by their respective, and, in many instances, long experienced commanders. It is probable that the admiralty will carefully investigate the matter, and that those at fault will meet the punishment due their cruel indifference to the safety of so many of their fellow-beings.

Thrilling and deeply affecting accounts were given of the storm king's visit, and the bravery of many of the unfortunate men on the ships and their comrades

on the shore, whose unceasing exertions to save life are deserving of long remembrance and grateful admiration.

The suffering in the camp during this devastating storm was truly terrible. The unparalleled confusion has been so well described by an officer present, that I cannot do better than to introduce his language. After remarking that early in November the weather began to grow foggy, moist, and raw, he says: "About daybreak on the fourteenth, a strong wind from the south drove before it a flood of rain; the tents, swelling inward beneath the blast, left no slant sufficient to repel the water, which was caught in the hollows and filtered through. I was awoke by it dripping on my face, which I covered with my cloak, and slept again. Again I was awoke, and this time more rudely. The wind had increased to a hurricane, in which the canvas flapped and fluttered, and the tent-pole quivered like a vibrating harp-string. At the opening of the tent, my servant appeared uttering some words, which were blown away and never reached me till, putting his head within, he told me I must get up—adding that the tents were nearly all blown away. As he spoke, the pegs that held mine to the ground parted, the canvas was driven against

the pole, and the whole structure fell with a crash across my bed.

"Sitting up and grasping my fluttering blankets, I beheld such of my effects as had not weight enough to keep them stationary, dispersed in the air, and borne on the wings of the wind into a distant valley. Half-written letters clung for a moment, in places, to the muddy ground before pursuing their airy flight, and garments of every description strewed the plain. My servant was in full pursuit of a cocked hat, which was whirled onward at a tremendous pace, till its course was arrested by a low wall; and on the muddy wheel of a cart hung a scarlet waistcoat grievously bemired. All around me were figures like my own, of half-clad men sitting amid the ruins of their beds, and watching with intense interest the dispersion of their property; while those tents which had continued to resist the gale, fell over, one after another, like inverted parachutes. Horses, turning their scattered tails to the blast, leaned against it with their slanting legs, blinded by their clothing, which, retained by their circingles, was blown over their heads; and all around were seen men struggling up, with frequent loss of ground, each holding some recovered article. Whatever could be collected in this way was placed beneath the falling tents, the edges of which were

then loaded with heavy stones. In the distance other encampments were seen in similar plight, and every where the rows of tents which had dotted the plain had disappeared.

"Hard as it seemed to be stripped of shelter by the storm, those who had passed the night in the trenches had still greater reason to complain. There they had consoled themselves during the watches of the wet, gusty night, by the promise of warmth and rest in the morning; and hastening, chilled and weary, to their camp for the comforting hot coffee, and pleasant, well-earned sleep, officers and men found their temporary homes level as a row of Persians worshipping the rising sun, and the space they had kept dry in midst of mire become a puddle. No fires could be lit, no breakfast warmed, for the blast extinguished the flame, and scattered the fuel; and all that could be done was, to gather the blankets out of the mud, and to try to raise again the fallen tents."

CHAPTER V.

DISTANCE FROM BALAKLAVA TO THE TRENCHES.—HILLS.—MUD CABINS.—NOVEL SIGHT.—REGIMENTS LIVING UNDERGROUND.—THE FORTIFICATIONS AROUND BALAKLAVA.—THE BATTERIES.—ROVING COSSACKS.—THE TURKISH CEMETERY.—RUDE MODE OF BURIAL.—AN ENGLISH CEMETERY.—SAD AND SOLEMN SCENES.—THE ROAD TO KADUKOI.—HAVOC AMONG THE VINEYARDS.—THE VILLAGE OF KADUKOI.—OFFICERS' HOUSES.—SIR COLIN CAMPBELL.—LORD LUCAN.—ROADS TO THE "FRONT."—THE COSSACKS TAKE TWO PRISONERS.

THE distance from Balaklava to the trenches before Sevastopol is from eight to ten miles. To Inkermann at the head of the harbor, or roads of Sevastopol, it is about seven miles in a direct line. The English camp begins at Balaklava; in fact, a number of tents were pitched within the limits of the village. The lofty hills to the east of the harbor, were occupied by a large detachment of Highlanders and Marines, and several companies of Turks and Zouaves. A narrow winding pathway permitted of the passage of the men over the almost perpendicular crags, but all supplies had to be conveyed by a wagon road beginning at the foot of the plain, a short distance north of the village.

In this exposed and important position, extending to the sea, and for a mile or two to the east of Balaklava, the men had protected themselves from the weather by the construction of mud cabins and subterranean tenements, with much ingenuity and perfection. They proved infinitely more comfortable than the venerable and perforated canvas. It was a strange sight to see whole regiments of men living underground, but the singular expedient was doubtless the very best that could have been resorted to in the unexampled emergency.

The fortifications, trenches, parallels, and other defences of earth with which, by the middle of January, Balaklava was completely surrounded, were of the most formidable description, and unhesitatingly pronounced impregnable. A great number of two and four gun batteries had been so constructed as to overlook every important and unimportant point of approach.

Roving bands of mounted Cossacks could always be discerned from the outer line of these works, but they seldom approached within the range of the guns. The utmost vigilance and activity marked the movements of these irregular members of the enemy's force.

Returning to the main road from Balaklava to Kadukoi, the nearest village, the burial ground of the

Turkish army extended on both sides for some distance, hundreds of Mussulmen had already been consigned to the dust, and every hour brought occupants for new graves, several dozen of which were prepared every morning. I once counted thirty-six all in readiness at an early hour. They were something less than three feet in depth, and ranged side by side in the most compact order, as though the land were as valuable as in our city cemeteries, where for years the remains of our citizens have been pressed together, like goods for Isthmus transportation. Undoubtedly the interment of a donkey, certainly that of a horse, has often been attended with much more ceremony than that bestowed upon the burial of a Turkish soldier. Indeed, there was no approach to ceremony, not even so much as the canting whine of a dissolute priest. Coffins were not thought of. The bodies unshrouded, unshaven, and unwashed, often stripped of all clothing, were carried from the hospital on rude stretchers, and carelessly jostled into the narrow graves, when the bearers instantly went their way; and, unless some stranger happened by, there was no one present save the ragged old sexton, whose clumsy shovel was ever ready to rattle the rough clods over the emaciated forms of his departed countrymen.

A number of British soldiers and sailors (many of

the latter from the transport corps), were buried in an adjoining field, over which a ruthless flood of turbid water occasionally forced its way from a swollen stream passing near by, and terminating in the harbor. Sad and solemn were the mournfully frequent funeral processions to this treeless, fruitless waste, but the performance of religious service at the grave deprived the scene of the odiousness of the Ottoman indifference. A single tombstone had been erected. It was made of a marble slab found in the village; the inscription having been creditably lettered by an ingenious volunteer, without the advantage of appropriate tools. It marked the grave of a faithful officer, who came to an untimely end at an early period in the siege.

Stone crosses, handsomely carved, were found on most of the tombs of the former inhabitants of Balaklava, many of which were located in and near the village.

The road to Kadukoi was comparatively level, though several careless attempts to macadamize it, and the constant presence of mud, rendered it next to impassable, either for man or beast. Two or three roofless cottages stood on either side, and the scattered branches of a thousand mutilated grape-vines, told of the sad havoc made among the once flourishing vineyards. Kadukoi, a mile and a half from Balaklava,



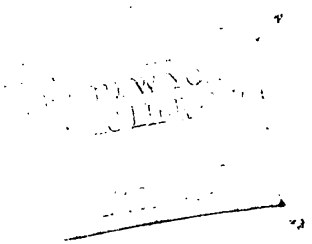
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THE ROAD FROM BALAKLAVA TO SEVASTOPOL, AT KADUKOI DURING THE WINTER.



was a small Greek village. Its neat white steepled church had been transformed into a hospital, while the houses were mainly occupied by officers of the artillery, and long rows of wooden stables were being constructed for the remaining horses; four hundred and fifty having died in the month previous, according to the statement of a reliable officer.

Sir Colin Campbell's head-quarters were at Kadukoi, as well as those of Lord Lucan.

Two broad roads, or rather trails, branched out from the village towards the "front," as the lines nearest to Sevastopol were always designated in camp dialect,—one to the west, under a range of steep rocky hills, on the top of which a detachment of French had been stationed; the other to the north of west, across a wide plain, in the direction of Inkermann, and on the outer edge of the advanced right. The latter was generally preferred, although one portion of it was much exposed to the fire of the watchful Cossacks, who were occasionally successful in carrying off a prisoner. Soon after my arrival, they snapped upon Johnny and Jack, a sleepy Turk and an intoxicated English sailor, in open day; and, lashing their hands together, whipped their fleet ponies away at a rapid pace, dragging the unfortunate fellows after them. The batteries commanding the

plain, or a portion of it, sent two or three iron messengers after the kidnapping Muscovites, but to no effect; and Johnny and Jack may by this time be able to speak the Russian language with fluency.

CHAPTER VI.

EXCURSIONS THROUGH THE CAMP.—HORSES.—AN ARAB CHARGER.—THE TENTS.—THE FRENCH HORNS.—DRILLING AT NOON.—ARRANGEMENT OF THE DIVISIONS.—THE SECOND DIVISION.—A WALK THROUGH THE DEEP SNOW.—ADJUTANT BROWN, OF THE NINETY-FIFTH REGIMENT.—THRONGED ROADS.—LORD RAGLAN.—HIS FACETIOUSNESS.—ADJUTANT BROWN'S TENT.—SMALL STOVE.—HARD PUSH FOR FUEL.—CAMP BUSINESS.—A MAN FULL OF WORK.—"GENERAL ORDERS."—A PRINTING PRESS IN THE CAMP.—TEA.—GOING TO BED.—A FINE MORNING.—BRILLIANT SUNRISE.—WALK TO INKERMAN HEIGHTS.—SEVASTOPOL.—A GOOD-NATURED FRENCHMAN.—BREAKFAST.

My excursions through the entire lines of the allied camp were usually made on horseback. It was a matter of serious doubt at times, whether it would be safe to venture to walk through the treacherous mud. If not dangerous, it would certainly have been difficult, and as good friends were willing to supply me with the best animals at their command, I was never placed under the necessity of running the risk either of miring or of fatigue, more than that naturally produced by continued riding over all manner of highway irregularities. It required from two to three hours to travel to the extreme front, unless your

animal had met better care than most of the unfortunate horses in the service. I once had an Arab charger from a Turkish officer, and swept over the ground with much ease.

There were few landmarks by which to direct the course to any point, and it was only by a careful study of the distribution of the regiments and encampments, that I contrived to rove about without losing my way.

The troops were interspersed without any apparent system. First came a collection of English tents, then French, then Turkish, the latter the more numerous in unimportant localities. It was very much like driving from village to village in a thickly settled country district, as I called upon my acquaintances at their respective quarters. The French tents, or many of them, were very low, the Turkish quite high, the English higher. Cellars of from two to three feet in depth were excavated under many of them, it being found that burrowing in the ground, so as to have the beds no higher than the level of the land outside, brought no little comfort to the occupants.

By noon every day the camp and roads were all alive with business; hundreds of men were pressing their way to Balaklava for provisions, and those re-

maining at their quarters were mustered for a nominal drill. The eccentric echo of the French horns might be heard on every side. Such drills, I fancy, were never seen before. From a score to ten score of ragged, mud-soiled, long-bearded men, grouped together in military order, formed a sight not at all calculated to prevent the observer from enjoying a hearty laugh, though his pity gave its deepest sympathy to the serious circumstances which had combined to decimate armies which, but a few months previous, were in a state of unusual strength and healthfulness.

I spent much time in the different encampments, not confining myself to the inspection of the English section, but going to see both Frenchman and Turk with equal frequency. It would be difficult to detail the particulars of every occasion, and I shall therefore make reference only to such incidents as I may think likely to be of any interest and import in affording an exposition of my entire visit.

First, I should explain the arrangement of the English forces. There were four divisions, each comprising an average of ten regiments or fragments of regiments, but they were never ranged according to their numbers. The second division occupied the extreme right of the Allies' position, partly on the

field of Inkerman. I frequently visited the 95th Regiment, included in this division, and there it was an easy matter to comprehend the difficulty of getting a good supply of provisions over the terrible road from Balaklava. When the snow was deepest, and the air thoroughly Canadian, I concluded to venture a foot excursion to the second division. My friend D. was ready to accompany me, and we set out from the Mastęrman at an early hour for a visit to Adjutant Brown, of the 95th Regiment. The journey of seven or eight miles through the adhesive snow was exceedingly tiresome, and the accommodations placed at our disposal on our arrival at the adjutant's tent proved highly acceptable.

Just as we reached the second division, Lord Raglan drove up, attended by his secretary, Colonel Steel, and several other of his staff officers. His Lordship's appearance was rather comfortable than soldierlike. Snugly ensconced in a substantial black beaver coat, a pair of capital fur trowsers and boots, with a huge fur cap covering his head and ears in exquisite style, he wore the air of a gentleman ready for a sleighing spree. He rode a well-made, fine-looking English charger, and seemed quite at home in the saddle. The men gathered around to see their "old father," as I heard several irreverently call him.

Meeting a small group of Frenchmen, he addressed them in their native tongue, and asked, as they were near an English encampment, if there was a British soldier there who could speak French. A rough-looking Irishman soon presented himself:

"Where did you learn French?" inquired the commander-in-chief.

Pat. In France, yer Lordship.

Lord R. Do you make good use of it?

Pat. Yes, yer honor.

Lord R. I suppose that you can ask a Frenchman for a glass of grog when you want it?

Pat. Indade I can, sir.

After a further pleasant chat with the Frenchmen, who were characteristically complacent, standing uncovered during the entire interview, his Lordship and attendants turned away toward another division.

Adjutant Brown's tent is firmly fastened to *terra firma.* The earth is excavated to the depth of two or three feet underneath it, in cellar style, and withal we thought it quite as comfortable as a tent could be expected to be, in the Crimea, in mid-winter. The government stoves had just been distributed, and B. was fortunate in securing one, a little round affair, slightly made, of sheet iron, and such as an American

housewife would think hardly suitable to bake her buckwheat cakes upon. His supply of charcoal was entirely out, and he had to warm himself, and cook his bacon, with the crooked and sappy roots, the only remains of the wild shrubbery recently abounding in the vicinity of his tent. His servant dug them up from day to day, and as little, if any, opportunity occurred for drying them, they smoked and smouldered away without affording much benefit.

There is always a great deal of business going on in the camp, especially in the evening, and in the tent of a man so hard worked as B., who was serving as adjutant, lieutenant, and acting captain! First came the reading of the "General Orders" from the Commander-in-Chief—a long sheet, full of matter, neatly printed upon a miniature press kept at headquarters. These orders were issued every evening for the ensuing day, and read in each regiment. They introduced the promotions as first announced in the *London Gazette*.

"After the "General Orders," we heard the "Regimental Orders." A draft of men was appointed to go to Balaklava on the following day, for provisions, etc.; another to accompany the sick to the ships, etc. A variety of other business having been transacted, we had some strong tea boiled in a

square tin pan, and after a very cozy half-hour of gossip, took to our tent beds. Mine was that of a lieutenant who was out on picket. It was well piled with blankets, and I slept in my clothes, even to my overcoat. I had scarcely rolled under the cover before the Russians commenced to cannonade. In the afternoon they had sent a round shot over the tent, and for a few moments I was inclined to think that others were coming, and might "come in." An event not to be contemplated with much pleasure; but I soon turned over, and fell asleep.

Awakened by the shrill call of the bugle, echoing through the clear frosty air, from camp to camp, I abandoned my tent bed at an early hour in the morning, and was out in ample time to enjoy the sight of a sunrise, than which it would be difficult to tell of one more magnificent. I stood entranced, while the dazzling golden rays of the celestial orb came sparkling on, through the deep blue Crimean sky, like vivid flashes of summer-evening lightning.

Anxious to have a walk before breakfast, I started off across the field of Inkermann, all white with snow, and proceeded towards the new mortar batteries in course of construction on the heights. On my way I met the men returning from the night's picket and trench duty. Hundreds passed me in Indian file,

wending their way to their respective regiments. But for the muskets slung across their shoulders, no one would have recognized them as British soldiers. Not a man wore any thing approaching to a regular uniform. Wrapped and muffled up in sheep-skin coats, and woollen blankets, with great hoods over their heads, they looked like comfortably-attired backwoodsmen. I could but admire their preparations for defence against the penetrating weather. It is said that the Czar denominates January and February two of his best generals; and he is right. Having resisted their attacks, the Allies need fear no greater trial of their endurance.

I passed on to the outer parallel, where I found a brace of contented-looking Frenchmen on guard. They promptly directed me to the best point of observation, and planting myself there, I indulged in a fresh and deliberate view of the long-beleaguered city. The sun's enlivening and gorgeous rays were dancing over the great gray fortifications, and playing on the silvery edged waves in the beautiful harbor. Every thing was quiet. The smoke and din of the night's bombardment had entirely passed away, and for the moment both the besieged and the besieging were enjoying a peaceful cessation of ostentatious hostilities.

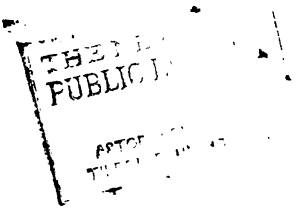
The broad Black Sea stretched far out beyond the

city, as unagitated as though it were mid-summer. The giant steamers of the Allies, always hovering about the rough coast, wore an air of dignified ease; while, almost at my feet, the Czar's stately men-of-war were floating, anchored and silent. In the whole view before me there was little to intimate that I stood within the immediate presence, as it were, of the greatest military siege that the world has ever known. I loitered for a while to gaze upon the famous city and its attractive environs, and then retraced my steps with a lively appetite for breakfast.

Rendered somewhat short of breath by the long walk through the deep unpacked snow, I sat down on a stone by the wayside for a moment's rest, when a good-natured Frenchman passing near by, instantly ran up to me, and asked, "*Etes vous malade? Etes vous malade?*" I thanked him for his kind inquiry, assured him of my good health, and soon joined my friends, and relished my camp *dejeuner*.

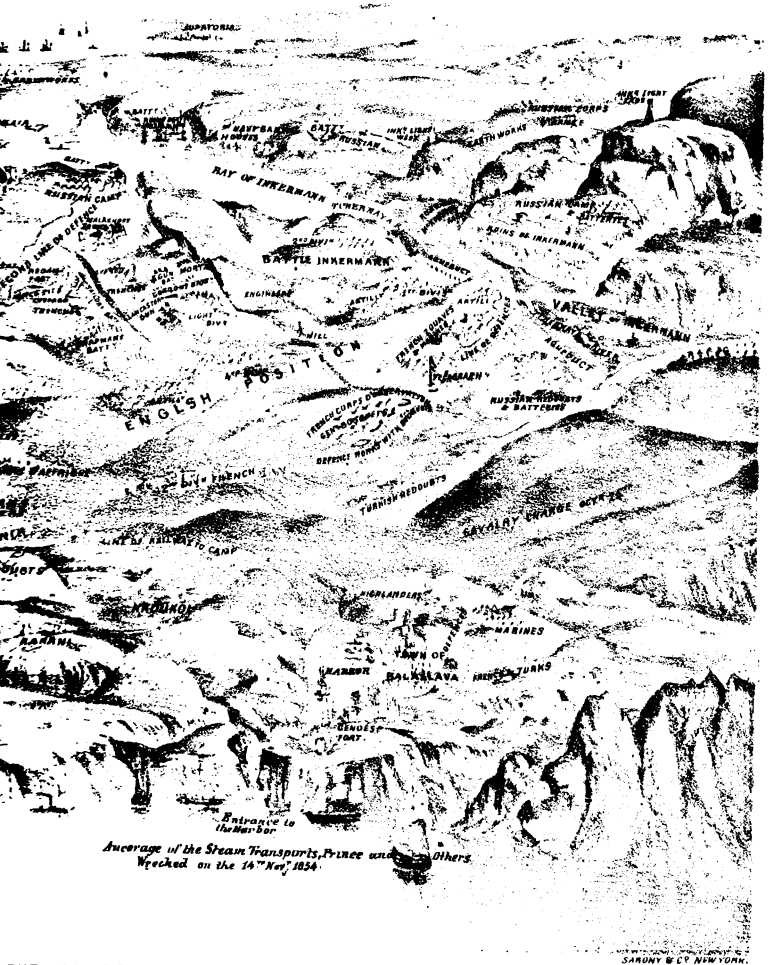
We had ration tea, and hard biscuit roasted upon the stove top, and sardines and cheese from B.'s private stores. He always managed to have something pretty good. How he got it up from Balaklava, was the question. His chief trouble arose from the lack of a teapot; he bought one some time previous, but his servant lost it in the mud by the roadside! It re-

minded me of a note sent from the camp to a friend on shipboard, in which the writer begged to say that he would have been more prompt in writing had he received his friend's letter as he ought; but as it was only picked up in the mud near the windmill that day, he thought that the apparent neglect would be fully explained!


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THE ALLIED ARMIES BEFORE SEVASTOPOL.

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CHAPTER VII.

SEVASTOPOL.—LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE.—DISTANCE FROM ST. PETERSBURGH.—CONVEYANCE OF THE MAILS.—BEAUTIFUL LOCATION OF THE CITY.—THE HARBOR.—THE TCHERNAYA RETCHKA.—THE VALLEY OF INKERMAN.—THE INNER HARBOR.—CAREENING BAY.—SUNKEN SHIPS.—THE CITY.—MR. UPTON.—POPULATION OF SEVASTOPOL.—BUILDINGS AND STREETS.—NAVAL LIBRARY.—THEATRE.—EXODUS OF THE WOMEN.—LAURENCE OLIPHANT'S VIEW OF SEVASTOPOL.—INKERMAN THE "CITY OF CAVERNS."

At this point it may be well to present a brief description of the world-renowned city, which has so long withstood the siege of two of the most powerful nations in Europe.

Sevastopol, pronounced by the Russians Sev-as-top-ol—with the emphasis on the third syllable, is in latitude 44° 25′ North, longitude, 33° 22′ East. It is distant from St. Petersburgh two thousand and eighty versts (about thirteen hundred and ninety-two miles). Couriers convey the mails (on four wheeled carts drawn by three horses each, and driven at a rapid pace) to Moscow, fourteen hundred and twenty-six versts (about nine hundred and fifty miles), from

whence they are forwarded by railway directly to the capital. From five to seven days are occupied in the entire journey; so that until the completion of the extraordinary telegraphic facilities now enjoyed by the Allies, the Czar had his despatches some three or four days earlier than either of his crowned opponents, excepting the Sultan.

I think the location of the city one of the most beautiful that I have ever seen, and its natural fortifications are certainly of an extraordinary character. The harbor is about a mile in width at the entrance from the sea, though not nearly so wide at the ruins of Inkerman, three miles distant, where it receives the waters of the small river known as the Tchernaya Retchka, and from whence the placid valley of Inkerman sweeps its course eastward amid the desolate hills.

The inner bay or harbor, to which the main street runs parallel for about a half a mile, is a small inlet branching off from the south side of the harbor, and completely dividing the city. Many of the Russian ships have been moored in this harbor (indeed few have appeared in the main harbor) and the Allies have found it difficult to do them the slightest injury, so snugly are they sheltered. Forts St. Paul and Nicholas command the entrance from the main harbor.

The docks and batteries are built of a white stone obtained in the neighborhood. I visited the quarries, now in possession of the Allies, and from which much of the building material had been secured. They are on the heights at the back of the city, and the stone appears coarse and of a yellowish hue.

Careening Bay is farther toward Inkerman, and is small, but of service for the anchorage of a goodly number of vessels.

Artillery Bay lies to the west of the inner bay, and is guarded upon one side by the three-tiered battery, Fort Nicholas; while a loop-holed wall extends from the opposite side back along the western extremity of the city.

Streletska, Chersonese and Quarantine Bays are all to the southward of the main harbor, and near to its entrance. The French hold the two former, the latter remains in the Czar's possession. The lazaretto buildings are upon the west side, and the formidable Fort Quarantine frowns, with its wide mouthed guns and massive walls, at the entrance to Quarantine Bay. From here the line of sunken ships stretches across the main harbor to Fort Constantine, which mounts one hundred and four guns. A space was left for the ingress and egress of the largest sized vessels, as was proved from the fact of two of the Russian steamers

sailing out one day, and actually commencing a lively bombardment of the French camp to the left, and this in the face of the allied fleet.

It was commonly reported that neither of the French or English Admirals had been able to ascertain exactly where the opening was to be found. The exposure to the fire of the immense forts prevented the possibility of a boat's cruising about to make the greatly desired discovery. The much laughed at expedient of the crafty Russians in sinking a number of their serviceable ships, has thus far proved eminently successful. It has rendered one of the most important instruments of the Allies, their navy, comparatively useless so far as regards the destruction of the city.

The principal portion of Sevastopol is upon the southern side of the harbor, though several of the most powerful fortresses are upon the north side.

Among the many acquaintances which it was my lot to form while at Balaklava I valued none more than that of Mr. Upton and his intelligent lady. Mr. Upton is the son of Colonel Upton, an English engineer, who was for many years a favorite with the Czar, and to whose good taste and skill belongs the credit of the construction of the fine streets and celebrated docks of Sevastopol. Colonel U. did not superintend or

have any thing to do with the erection of the fortifications, as commonly stated.

Mr. Upton, who was living on his farm "before Sevastopol," and had become a naturalized citizen of the country that he might more readily hold his property, delivered himself up to Lord Raglan when the armies first marched from the Alma; although even by so doing I was sorry to hear that he did not escape the violent hands of the advance foraging parties, who fairly sacked his house.

He was provided with apartments for himself and family, and kept as a prisoner of war, on parole, at Balaklava; while his homestead became the head-quarters of a French general. His case seemed a very hard one indeed—one of those heart-rending instances of war's indiscriminate cruelty. I am much indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Upton for many particulars relative to the products of the country, the climate, the peculiarities of the besieged city, its inhabitants, &c.

Various statements have been made concerning the population of Sevastopol. By the aid of Mr. Upton's personal knowledge, and reference to a recently published Russian official register, I was enabled to ascertain that by the census taken a year or two since the number of inhabitants was declared to be forty-three thousand five hundred and fifty, independent of four-

teen regiments of sailors, and four regiments of soldiers always stationed in the city.

At the same date the city contained two thousand one hundred and forty-five houses, seven Russian churches, one Catholic church, one Lutheran church, one Jewish synagogue, and one Turkish mosque ; several extensive government school-houses, six regular hotels, seven public houses, three inns for travellers, with horses and carts, or carriers of merchandise ; nine batteries, seven barrack buildings, one hospital, one theatre, and a custom-house.

There is a fine street extending all around the city, *à la* the Boulevards of Paris. It was the favorite drive of the officers and their families. The other streets, with few exceptions, are far less spacious and beautiful. The buildings are mainly of stone (a coarse granite), and many of them very large and elegant. One, built in the style of the famous Parthenon at Athens, struck me as being surpassingly fine. This was a club-house, or as some say a library building, for the use of the naval officers, and said to contain a valuable collection of books in all languages.

A Russian company of actors, as well as an Italian company of singers, have usually been engaged at the theatre during the winter season.

The city has long been the chief military and naval

depot of Southern Russia. The inhabitants mainly those in the government service. It was unusual to meet a person in citizen's garb at the theatre, or at any of the balls or other public gatherings.

It is presumed that the women and children retired to more peaceful quarters at the commencement of the siege. The former were officially estimated to number only about six thousand. It was unhesitatingly affirmed by those who had the best opportunity for ascertaining, that every street in the city is barricaded and protected by well manned batteries, so that in the event of the Allies entering they would have literally to fight their way from street to street.

The intimation that many of the fortifications and public buildings are mined, and ready to be blown up at any time, is probably without foundation in truth, as the city is built almost entirely upon a solid rock.

Laurence Oliphant, Esq., of London, in his highly entertaining work, entitled "The Russian Shores of the Black Sea," an edition of which has recently been published in this country, gives the public many interesting particulars of his visit to the Crimea, in the autumn of 1852. I take pleasure in transcribing the annexed extracts from this author, with whom it was my privilege to become personally acquainted while

abroad, and to whose statements entire confidence may be given.

"Sevastopol is, in fact, an immense garrison, and looks imposing because so many of the buildings are barracks or government offices. Still I was much struck with the appearance of many of the private houses; and, indeed, the main street was handsomer than any that I had seen since leaving Moscow, while it owed its extreme cleanliness to large gangs of military prisoners, who were employed in perpetually sweeping. New houses were springing up in every direction, government works were still going forward vigorously, and Sevastopol bids fair to rank high among Russian cities. The magnificent arm of the sea upon which it is situate, is an object worthy the millions which have been lavished in rendering it a fitting receptacle for the Russian navy.

"Nothing can be more formidable than the appearance of Sevastopol from the seaward. On one occasion I visited it in a steamer, and found that at one point we were commanded by twelve hundred pieces of artillery. Four of the forts consist of three tiers of batteries."

Again he says:

"Here no harmless ruined old tower perched upon the dizzy cliff carried me back in imagination to the

days of Italian greatness. No veiled women and sedate camels transported my roving fancy to the voluptuous East. The only variation in the view was from the mouth of a thirty-six pound gun into that of a sixty-four."

Of Inkerman, the "city of caverns," Mr. Oliphant remarks: "Its curiosities are to be found rather in the remains which still exist there, to tell of races long since departed, than in those constructions which display the perseverance and ingenuity of modern times.

"The precipitous cliffs between which flows the Tchernaya Retchka, are positively honey-combed with cells and chapels. The origin of these singular caves is uncertain; but they are supposed to have been excavated by monks during the reigns of the Emperors in the middle or later ages. When the Arians who inhabited the Chersonese were persecuted by the Greek church, then predominant, the members of that sect took refuge in these singular dwellings, whose lofty and inaccessible position rendered them to a certain degree secure.

"The largest chapel, which presents all the characteristics of Byzantine architecture, is about twenty-four feet long by twelve broad. Sarcophagi, usually quite empty, have been found in many of the cells;

these latter are often connected with each other, and approached by stairs cut in the living rock.

"Perched upon the same cliff, and of much earlier date than the caverns which undermine them, are the ruined walls of an old fort. Whether they are the remains of the Ctenos of the ancients, built by Diophantes, Mithridates' general, to strengthen the Heraclean Wall, or of Theodori of the Greeks, or of some Genoese stronghold, is still a very open question. There can be no doubt that the seat of government of the principality of Theodori stood formerly on the spot."

The occupation of the "cells and chapels" by Russian sharp shooters prevented me the satisfaction of a personal observation of the ruins of Inkerman farther than that obtained from the English batteries on the opposite heights.

CHAPTER VIII.

POSITION OF THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH TRENCHES AND BATTERIES.—WATER IN THE TRENCHES.—EFFECTS OF THE FROST.—TRENCH DUTY.—COOL CONDUCT OF THE MEN.—ENTRANCE TO THE TRENCHES.—KILLED AND WOUNDED.—LANCASTER GUNS.—CAPTAIN PEEL.—GETTING UP THE GUNS.—THE "VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH."—A CALCULATION.—MORTAR BATTERIES AT INKERMAN.—FINE VIEW.—THE ZOUAVES.—ROAR OF THE CANNON.—SORTIES.—RAVINES—CAVES.—WASHING OPERATIONS.—COLLARS.—SHIRTS.

THE English and French trenches and batteries were closely concentrated around the southern front of Sevastopol, and constant additions of new and important works were being made, not, however, without excessive labor and difficulty, both on account of the severe weather, and the jealous watchcare of the enemy. The batteries were generally connected by parallels, and were built with much skill and solidity. The trenches were not very deep, say from three to four feet, with the earth which had been dug from them thrown up in front, as a protection from the enemy's shot. The greatest exertions to keep them free

from water proved unavailing, and often after the heavy rains and during the melting of the snow the men were compelled to stand in water up to their knees. No account of their terrible condition during the winter months could be overdrawn. A fearful number of deaths were traced to the direct exposure of the trenches. Many instances of injury from the frost were reported from day to day, and I saw numbers of the wretched victims brought into Balaklava. The amputation of limbs touched by the frost, was a matter of frequent occurrence. The destitution of appropriate clothing was the immediate cause of much of the suffering. Of this no one who was upon the ground in December or January can entertain the slightest doubt.

Only those regiments stationed near to the "front" were subject to trench duty. A draft of men proportioned to the strength of the regiment, and under the command of one or two officers, went out early every morning, and returned the next morning. This duty being found altogether too severe, twelve hours was afterwards designated as the time of service, and a fresh draft went out every evening. The French trenches were much the most extensive, and, being on the left, they were advanced nearer to the city, owing to the easier lines of approach. Both

French and English were always on the alert for the enemy's movements.

The length of the siege had served to make the troops wonderfully cool in all of their movements; card-playing, tea-drinking, smoking, and even reading and writing, met deliberate attention throughout the trenches, whenever the lull in the enemy's fire, or the state of the weather, would permit of leisure or rest; while a nap beside a well-loaded rifle or musket was always acceptable and refreshing. The entrance to the trenches was by zig-zag pathways, partially concealed from the enemy's observation, but the greatest danger was incurred in the passage to and fro, and it was not usually attempted except under the cover of night.

Every day had its quota of killed and wounded, but death seemed to have been deprived of its usual terrors, and the mutilated bodies of those whose company had been enjoyed but a moment previous, were carried away without eliciting a single sympathetic tear, or creating the slightest alarm among those who remained.

The batteries of both the English and French were located immediately in the rear of their trenches, and were mounted with guns of the largest calibre. Three of Mr. Lancaster's famous sixty-eight pound-

ers stood in one of the English batteries. The noise made by the ponderous balls in their flight toward the illustrious city resembled that of an express train.

Chapman's, Gordon's, the Diamond, and the Wasp, were the names by which the principal English batteries were known. The former two being under the command of Majors Chapman and Gordon, and the latter, frequently called the sailors' batteries, manned by sailors from the Diamond and Wasp, war-vessels lying in the harbor of Balaklava. Captain Peel, R. N., a son of the late Sir Robert Peel, had charge of the Diamond battery. His bravery, and the daring of his troop of blue jackets, formed the theme of laudatory comment throughout the camp; and on more than one occasion gained honorable mention in the despatches of the Commander-in-Chief.

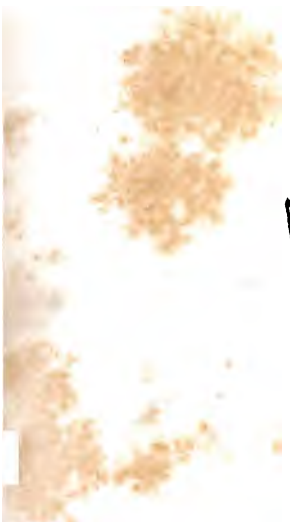
Captain Peel, a tall, slender gentleman, is well represented in the accompanying illustration. I had a good opportunity of scanning the Russian works and movements from the same excellent point of observation which he occupies. These batteries are those from which such a heavy fire was poured forth at the commencement of the siege. The guns and mortars were many of them completely worn out; several had burst, and the fragments were half buried



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in the soft earth. The labor of getting the guns (many of them from the ships of the line) up from Balaklava, beggars all description. Scores of men and horses were employed for many weeks in the tedious enterprise.

For a space of five acres or more in the rear and around the English batteries, the ground was closely covered with round shot of every size, as well as a liberal sprinkling of shells that had failed to explode, and a great many fragments of the hundreds of successful ones. A pretty little valley a few hundred feet farther back, had received the appropriate title of "The Valley of the Shadow of Death." It was literally piled with cold war iron, and by no means a pleasant place to tarry or cross, as the Russian gunners were making constant additions to the accumulation. Rifle balls often came over the batteries. I have heard them go whizzing by, like songsters on the wing, and can say with the "regulars," that the music is not at all unpleasant, so long as no one happens to be hit.

It was surprising to notice how many of the Russian missiles were projected far beyond the object at which they were aimed. On one occasion, after I had mounted my pony and rode nearly a mile from the Diamond battery, a large shell burst high in the

air over the camp through which I was driving. I have no doubt but that it went three times as far as the gunner wished to have it. The Russian fault appeared to be in having guns of too great a range rather than otherwise.

The supply of ammunition in the hands of the Russians must have been truly enormous. Major Edwards, a Hungarian, of General Osman Pasha's staff, who had been in America, and therefore thought himself well qualified to "kalkilate," estimated (by what theory I do not know) that, to the first of January, the Russians had discharged five hundred thousand rounds of shell and round shot from Sevastopol at the allied forces; to say nothing of the hourly outlay of rifle and musket balls.

I went to inspect the new mortar batteries being constructed on the heights at the head of Sevastopol Bay, and at the foot of the splendid valley of Inkerman. These batteries were intended to silence several of the enemy's most troublesome fortifications. Leaving my horse quite out of the range of the lively Russian guns, I walked along to have a careful look at the works. A buzzing shell came to meet me. Just as I thought it about time to look for a hiding-place, the ugly visitor went flying by, and dashed to pieces in the earth behind me. When I reached the

first battery, the parapet guard cried out, "Down! down!" The workmen all fell flat upon the earth. I got behind a pile of stones. A great shell burst in front of the battery, the splinters flying through the air around me. It was rather exciting, but not so dangerous when once behind the breastwork, as, by peeping over the top, I could always see when the Russian gunner was about to fire, and where. He amused himself much of the time in swabbing out his mortar, standing in his shirt sleeves, and apparently wholly at ease. A large number of men were around him. I could see them very distinctly in all their movements. The notorious little steamer from which so many fifteen-inch shells had been thrown up, was lying quietly at the head of the bay. The Czar's standard floated from her mast. A number of the famous shells were lying about the batteries, many of them having failed to explode. They were two inches greater in diameter than any in use by either the French or English.

These batteries (two in number, with four large mortars each) were being built by the "sappers and miners," in the most approved style of sand-bags, gabions, etc., etc. I went into the magazines; they will preserve the powder against any thing, if I am not mistaken. One battery is perhaps a hundred

yards in advance of the other. No one was allowed to venture beyond the outer one, as the enemy was so particular as to open a heavy fire at the sight of a single man, and it was not at all agreeable to have a constant firing at the workmen.

From these heights the view is truly superb. The head of the bay lies just at your feet, the city is nestled at your left, the Inkerman valley is at your right. The high rocks, with their curious caverns, present a striking appearance.

The French batteries were ever active, and in the faculty of worrying the enemy, the sprightly little Frenchmen were in advance of their English Allies. Many were the remarkable stories of the characteristic daring of the intrepid Zouaves, *au fait* in every *ruse de guerre*. From behind small piles of stone in advance of their trenches, they managed to pick off many of the Russian gunners, and by their dexterity to escape all injury. It was asserted that several of the more desperate fellows had actually entered the city, and quietly surveyed some of the works, without attracting attention.

The flash and roar of the cannon, even from the most distant batteries, could be plainly seen and heard at Balaklava; and around the batteries the noise was deafening, the smoke thick and fiery, and the constant

crack of the thousand rifles in the trenches, made up an exciting accompaniment. There was generally a great deal of firing at night, both from the batteries and the trenches. A number of sorties occurred during my visit. They were attended with a large loss of life. The Russians came out in force, and with their strange shouting advanced to the outer trenches, but seldom beyond. The fighting was desperate hand-to-hand work.

Several deep ravines running toward the city were advantageous avenues to the trenches and picket lines. Wagon roads were visible, though scarcely serviceable in some of them. The craggy, precipitous sides were filled with curious caves, in many of which, remnants of ancient masonry gave strong evidence of their having been used as habitations in days of yore, probably by monks or hermits. They were capital retreats for the picket officers, saving them much exposure. Streams of water, and in several instances small reservoirs, were found in these ravines, and when the weather was at all mild, great numbers of the Allies were to be found indulging in cold baths, or vigorously scrubbing, without the benefit of soap, the soiled residue of their much-abused apparel. On several occasions, I saw whole companies standing in their trowsers, busily washing their shirts, or *vice versa*, for there

were no duplicates to be had, and the washed articles, exposed for a short time to the siccative influences of sun and wind, were put on again, whether dry or not.

Collars were never indulged in; it would have been thought preposterous for a man to have sustained the fine linen which forms so prominent and indispensable a portion of his civilized dress. Beside, the very idea of washing and ironing collars in the camp, was enough to start a smile on the cheek of the most demure non-commissioned officer that ever cooked his junk with grape-vine roots.

Dark checkered woollen shirts were very popular among the officers—and of course they never wanted washing.

CHAPTER IX.

LIEUTENANT MACGREGOR.—THE "CELESTIALS."—THE FIELD OF INKERMAN.—RELICS OF THE BATTLE.—DEAD RUSSIANS.—RUSSIAN BATTERIES.—THE OUTSIDE ARMY.—FRENCH SOLDIERS GATHERING FIREWOOD.—AQUEDUCT.—DEAD HORSES.—DINNER IN THE CAMP.—TENT.—BED.—A WALK TO KARANI.—FRENCH OFFICERS.—MAJOR LEVISON.—THE TURKS.—A STAFF SURGEON.—GOOD COFFEE.—CONDITION OF THE HORSES IN THE TURKISH SERVICE.

I WAS much pleased to meet with Lieut. Douglass A. Macgregor, brother of my esteemed friend, John Macgregor, Esq., the philanthropic founder and patron of the "Shoe-Black Society," and other valuable organizations for the relief of the London poor. I called at Lieut. M.'s tent on several occasions, and found him in excellent health and spirits—one of the few fortunate ones, enjoying a happy exemption from the effects of Crimean exposure. His regiment was the 97th, long stationed in the Canadas, and is well-known under the *sobriquet* of the "Celestials," on account, I believe, of the blue facings to the coats of the officers and men.

Lieut. M. gave me a cordial reception. He was

greatly surprised to meet me in the camp, and could hardly be persuaded that I was a *bona fide* American, and an actual resident of the Western World. He kindly accepted an invitation to visit and dine with me at my Balaklava quarters; and I subsequently enjoyed the opportunity of spending some time with him at his camp home. I rode up one Friday, and having time before the dinner hour, he joined me, and, mounted on our shaggy ponies, we jogged off for a fresh examination of the field of Inkerman.

We drove down into the first valley, where the hardest fighting took place, and leaving our ponies, started for a walk over the hill into the adjoining valley. The snow and thick brushwood somewhat retarded our progress.

I gathered a variety of relics from the field as mementoes of the sanguinary battle. The fighting was chiefly done in two wild valleys running out from the beautiful valley of Inkerman. The whole ground was strewn with pieces of coats, caps, belts, knapsacks, etc. The muskets, very clumsy affairs, with huge locks, altered from flint to percussion, were destroyed by the Allies immediately after the battle. At one point we came upon the decaying bodies of two unburied Russians, and as I paused to gaze upon them, and at the myriad fresh graves around me, my

mind gladly wandered forth to the glorious time when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Will it not be a glorious era?

There is a bridge across the Tchernaya at Inkerman, and on the opposite side we saw the Russian batteries and gunners, and in the distance the smoke from the tents of the outside army, of which so much has been written. It was this army, commanded by Liprandi, that made the frightful attack at Inkerman in November.

Numbers of French soldiers were gathering, for firewood, the bushes lining the valleys. Their short, thick swords were used both to cut and to dig.

At the extreme end of the valley in which we left our ponies, I saw the noble aqueduct by which Sevastopol was supplied with water. A breach was made in it, in the early days of the siege, and how the remaining inhabitants got their drinking water, nobody seemed to know.

In one part of the same valley some hundred horses, sacrificed at the battle, lie mouldering to dust.

Dinner was ready when we regained the camp of the 97th. A camp dinner! How shall I describe it? M. had, by some honest means, secured a

chicken, and his servant had cooked it, by somebody else's fire, in an admirable style. Then we had beef, and ham, and potatoes—think of it! and for dessert, boiled rice, and three slices of plum-pudding!

Our table was formed by placing a pine box upon the top of a leather trunk; an old newspaper served for a table-cloth. M. sat upon his "Commissariat," as he called it—a small box in which he kept his stores. Whenever we wanted any salt or pepper, he had to jump up, open the box, and sprinkle out a supply from the paper parcels. Salt-cellars and pepper-boxes had not yet found their way to the Crimea.

One of M.'s fellow-officers dined with us. When he came, he neglected to bring his chair. Of course he sent for it immediately; it was wicked in him to forget it. M. told of inviting the same gentleman over to take a bowl of punch with him, a few nights previous, and begging him not to forget to bring some sugar and a lemon with him!

Our dinner went off capitally. It was a hundred degrees superior to the generality of dinners before Sevastopol. I enjoyed it better than I ever did a dozen courses at "Morley's" or "Meurice's."

The three slices of plum-pudding, of mysterious origin, proved a delicate *finale*. I must own that M.

used his guests well. I wish that he could have lived so well himself, even half of the time.

M.'s tent contained many evidences of his domestic ingenuity. It had a fireplace, well-built, and serviceable, when there was any fuel to be had, which happened *not* to be the case on the occasion of the great dinner. For a candlestick he had a Russian bayonet. In the part usually attached to the gun, the candle (when he could get one) fitted admirably; while the sticking point was readily stuck into the terrestrial floor, at any desirable locality.

For a bed, instead of the old-fashioned "down," he was glad to "shake down," in camp parlance, upon a pile of dried leaves, over which he had thrown a blanket or two and a buffalo hide. Once in this extraordinary couch, blankets and buffalo robes, with an invaluable waterproof sheet, and his omnipresent but somewhat dilapidated regimentals, combined to keep out much of the cold and damp, and he told me that he slept merrily. He is one of those enviable characters, ever capable of extracting real comfort from the most uncomfortable circumstances. May he survive all the vicissitudes of the camp and the conflict, again to enjoy the delightful home which he unhesitatingly abandoned to serve his country's interests.

On one occasion, with my friend D. for a companion, I walked over the rocks along the coast, to the village of Karani, lying some three or four miles westward from Balaklava. We found it a secluded little settlement, quite aside from the thoroughfares to Sevastopol, and for that reason, unlike Balaklava, Kadukoi, or other of the neighboring villages, it retained much of its original good order; the houses and fences, the vineyards, gardens, and shrubbery, having happily enjoyed almost entire exemption from the inroads of the ruthless foraging parties. Many of the inhabitants still remained, and appeared cheerful and content. The sight of women and children was novel and refreshing.

Several French officers and a company of men were on guard. We met two or three of the former; they occupied one of the best houses in the place, and seemed very much at home. Major Levison, of the English army, but for some time assigned to a prominent command in the Turkish service, quartered here for several months. His graphic delineations of the eccentricities of Turkish military organization and rule, and of his own romantic adventures in India, several years since, amused many of my leisure moments in the ship's cabin at Balaklava,

where he was a frequent visitor, being intimately acquainted with D.

Major L. is a capital specimen of "Young England." Energetic, quick, venturesome, not unlike that remarkable genius, "Young America."

From Karani we walked up a long, quiet valley, and over a good sized hill to the principal Turkish encampment, situate about midway between Balaklava and the "front." Here we had a very agreeable conversation with General Osman Pasha's staff surgeon, an affable and extremely intelligent Egyptian gentleman (I regret that I have quite forgotten his name), who told us that he had lived eleven years in England, and studied at several of the prominent medical schools or colleges there. He spoke our language fluently, and entertained us with many interesting particulars of Ottoman military life. Among other things, he said the Turks had long been extremely anxious to unite with their Allies in a direct assault upon Sevastopol. I was somewhat surprised at this intimation, knowing their considerate nature, and general inclination to convervative views.

The staff surgeon regaled us with Turkish coffee, so delectable that we could but regret the fashion of the Oriental cups. The good sized English breakfast style would have been better suited to our liking. He

spoke very highly of the promptitude and liberality of the French, who had been supplying rations to the Turkish troops. Rice was a principal article of diet.

The condition of the horses in the Turkish service well rewarded the kind attention shown them. They were kept under the tents, and jealously guarded from the severe weather and starvation.

CHAPTER X.

POSITION OF THE ALLIED FLEET.—SIR EDMUND LYONS.—CAPTAIN HEATH.—CAPTAIN CHRISTIE.—TURKISH STEAMERS.—THE SAILORS' ANXIETY TO FIGHT.—OMER PASHA.—OSMAN PASHA.—THE TURKISH HOSPITAL.—APPEARANCE OF THE INVALID TURKS.—THEIR CRUEL TREATMENT.—TURKISH OFFICERS.—INTERPRETERS.—THE COLD WEATHER.—THE TURKISH CLOTHING.—LONG GRAY COATS.—A TURK ON PICKET.—A WINTER CAMPAIGN IN RUSSIA.—A LONGING FOR THE BANKS OF THE RHINE, OR SUNNY ITALY.

A LARGE number of English and French war vessels were constantly stationed around the Crimean coast, Sir Edmund Lyons, the new Admiral of the English fleet, had his flag first upon the Agamemnon (one of the largest and best vessels in the service), and subsequently upon the Royal Albert.

Sir Edmund Lyons entered upon the chief command with a high reputation for daring intrepidity. He came frequently to Balaklava, on his way to consult with Lord Raglan; but usually returned to his ship "off Sevastopol" upon the same day. The war vessels Sanspareil, Vesuvius, Diamond and Wasp were stationed in Balaklava harbor, the last two at its upper

extremity as a protection to the valley in case of an attack by the enemy and an attempt to enter the village.

Captain Heath of the Sanspareil was the commandant of the port. Captain Powell of the Vesuvius his assistant. These officers might always be seen moving about the harbor in their light gigs, giving their orders as to the location of the vessels. Their somewhat pompous manner excited no little dissatisfaction, especially among the common sense captains of the Transport vessels, who were quite unused to the presumptuous dignity of the navy. Captain Christie, R. N., was the superintendent of the Transport service. His amiable character and good business qualities gained him much esteem; and it was not without great regret that the notice of his removal to Constantinople, and the arrival of Admiral Boxer to occupy the vacancy caused by his departure, was received throughout the harbor.

Balaklava being the most convenient coaling station (the coal all came from England), all of the various steamers connected with the Black Sea fleet were in the harbor at different times. I saw the Highflyer, Inflexible, Fury, Niger, and many others. All appeared in excellent trim.

Several Turkish steamers made occasional visits.

They were old fashioned and clumsy. The French fleet, under the command of Admiral Hamelin, had its depot for coal and provisions at Kameisch.

The utmost anxiety for the prosecution of the war was always manifested by the sailors of the allied navies. Those who were stationed at the land batteries were among the most desperate and determined of any of the Czar's opponents. A sailor always goes the whole figure in any purpose to which he turns his attention.

An English steamer arrived on one of the snowy mornings, bringing General Omer Pasha from Varna. He remained but one day, and spent that in council at Lord Raglan's head-quarters. The celebrated commander of the Turkish forces, though somewhat advanced in years, was in flowing spirits. The Allies entertained a very high opinion of his skill and judgment, as well as the bravery of his army, a portion of which had concentrated at Eupatoria, with an eye to the investment of the north side of Sevastopol.

Omer Pasha is emphatically an independent man. By birth an Austrian, yet professing Mohammedanism, he eschews many of the Turkish peculiarities; is content with one wife, appears in her company at public gatherings, &c., &c.

The commander-in-chief of the Turkish forces be-

fore Sevastopol, General Osman Pasha, was spoken of as a man of much ability. From a member of his staff I learned that of twenty-one thousand Ottoman troops sent to the camp, eleven thousand had died—mostly from disease—while of the remaining ten thousand no less than five thousand were on the sick list.

A number of the dilapidated houses in Balaklava composed the only Turkish hospital, and it was said that none of the many patients conveyed to the establishment ever came out alive. Scarcely any attention was shown the feeble sufferers. Many were carried to the miserable hospital on the backs of their comrades.

There is something excruciatingly melancholy and yet irresistibly and unusually ludicrous in the countenance of an invalid Turk. Compared with it, the frown of a defeated politician, a man bereft of all his property, cheated in love, or sold out, bag and baggage, script and scrippage under the sheriff's relentless bunting, would be poetic and cheerful. One can but smile at his hypochondriacal and wo-begone expression, while he is ready and even anxious to alleviate his sufferings.

Good nature and an inkling of gratitude marked the character of the Balaklava invalids. Any attention shown them was generally promptly rewarded by a hearty patting upon my shoulder, and the simple

but expressive exclamation of satisfaction, "Bono Johnny."

For the desertion of the batteries during the battle of Balaklava (which prominent English officers told me would have been wise on the part of any one, under the advance of such an immense force as the Russians brought into the field on that occasion), and a variety of other and perhaps less important movements, the Turkish troops received the unlimited abuse of their Allies, especially the English, who, I was very sorry to notice, made it a point to kick and cuff them about most unmercifully, so much so that General Osman Pasha had been compelled to interfere for their protection. It was sad to witness the cruel treatment of men inoffensive in their character, and deficient in their military tactics rather from a want of proper education and experience, than from intentional indifference or cowardice.

Large numbers of the Turkish troops were raw recruits, gathered from the interior of the Sultan's Asiatic domains.

The minor officers were seldom men of great energy or intelligence; a few were able to converse in French, but scarcely any had the slightest knowledge of English; interpreters were provided on all occasion of importance.

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The piercing cold affected the Turks even more than the French or English, and their clothing was of the most questionable texture for winter use. Long coarse gray coats with huge hoods to cover the head looked comfortable enough in the distance, but upon close examination they proved much less substantial than the rough Russian wrapper. A Turk on picket upon a snowy morning with the thermometer in close proximity to zero, presented a military spectacle well suited to drive every idea of the boasted romance of war, from the mind of the most enthusiastic volunteer. A winter campaign in any part of Russia presents very few attractions. I was often amused by the earnest intimations that the siege would have been much more agreeable if prosecuted on the banks of the Rhine or in sunny Italy!

CHAPTER XI.

THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH ARMIES.—THE CONTRAST.—THE FRENCHMAN'S PECULIARITIES.—INTEMPERANCE.—A STRANGE SCENE.—A SOLDIER'S OPINION.—PROMPT PAY.—PRODIGALITY OF THE MEN.—IRISHMEN.—THEIR WIT AND HUMOR.—GOOD STORIES.—LIEUTENANT WYLDE.—"ESPRIT DE CORPS."—CAPTAIN BENSON.—A HIGHLANDER LOOKING FOR HIS "PIECE."

THE English and French armies presented a strong contrast in their condition during the entire winter. The former, overworked, poorly fed, and suffering from a complication of maladies. The latter, well-provisioned, well-clad, and comparatively free from sickness.

By nature the English and French are vastly different, and no one who has seen the camp life of the latter, can for an instant deny that it is in every way superior to that of the former. An Englishman has no faculty for encountering the thousand vicissitudes of a tedious campaign. He fights well, doggedly, desperately,—Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman, are late and satisfactory demonstrations of his indomitable

bravery.—The Frenchman fights well and lives well, wherever it may be his lot to locate. He appears as contented, hearty, and happy, under canvas in a strange and barren land, as in the luxurious cities of *la belle* France.

Where the Englishman eats his salt beef and biscuit in the same style day after day, the Frenchman has a half-dozen palatable dishes from the same monotonous components.

The Frenchman loves war by nature. By nature the Englishman dreads it. So utterly disgusted were nine tenths of Her Majesty's officers and men with their miserable life, that they would have gladly abandoned the deathful Crimea at any moment, could they have had an honorable pretext.

The French had the benefit of a well-organized wagon train, and thus, having taken the precaution to prepare suitable roads (in most cases), they very readily transported their provisions to the respective divisions. The English had no wagon train whatever. The French had a baker connected with every regiment, and large quantities of fresh bread were distributed throughout the camp every other day. A present of thirty-five thousand loaves was sent to the English at one time.

But I did not intend to institute a comparison be-

tween the advantages enjoyed by the armies. It has been repeatedly shown that the greatest difference existed, and the world wonders at the striking contrast.

I may say, however, that if I were to attempt an enumeration of the causes tending to the great mortality among the English troops, I should unhesitatingly give prominence to one point which appears to have been generally overlooked, viz., Intemperance.

In addition to three rations of rum of very high proof, allowed the men every day, they were frequently known to drink two or three or more glasses on their visits to Balaklava. I saw very many poor fellows, so much overcome by excessive drinking, that they could not walk erect.

I shall not readily forget a scene which came to my notice as I happened to be walking a little way out of the village on one of the coldest days of the season. A careless Tartar driver of a commissariat pony, had chanced to drop a keg of rum by the roadside, and passed on without noticing it. It was quickly seized upon by a passing company, composed chiefly of Irishmen, who speedily rolled it to a dry spot, ended it up, forced out the bung, and began to fill their tin drinking cups, and imbibe the raw liquid as a Knickerbocker would well-iced Croton under an August sun. I asked to whom the keg properly belonged, and why it was

not returned to its owner, but already half frantic with excitement and revolting glee, they imagined that I wanted a share of the spoils and instantly a half-dozen great cups and jugs were pushed into my face, while, with riotous frenzy, I was urged to help myself. I respectfully declined the invitation, but loitered for a few moments to see the termination of the scene.

The crowd thickened. An officer demanded to know where the keg came from, and to whom it belonged, but, to no better purpose than I, and in a few moments the last drop of liquor had been drained out, and the rum saturated throng went staggering away, clamorously intimating their desire to meet "another prize of the same glorious sort!"

"O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains."

It was thought by many that the profuse supply of ration rum had been productive of much injury. One fine fellow with a rugged look, in writing to a friend at home concerning his manner of living, said, "I have not slept even one night in bed; but mostly on the ground, or on the deck of a ship, and still I am as well as ever. I owe it, I think, to my teetotalism. Those of our men who drink are most subject to illness, and the majority of those who have died were hard drinkers."

While the officers were nearly unanimous in their belief that grog was of the utmost importance to the men, not a few intimated that the quantity which they received had been the means of serious injury in numerous instances.

The British Government is a prompt pay-master. Bags and casks of gold and silver were constantly arriving, and the soldiers received the pure coin. The pay of the officers is most liberal, but that of the men rather scanty. They get only one shilling sterling per day, from which fourpence half-penny is deducted for their rations, so that they clear but seven pence half-penny or about fourteen cents.

They were extremely reckless with their money, often spending a week's wages on one visit to Balaklava, and that in a spree upon "something strong."

My friend Lieutenant M. told the following story of one of the men in his regiment. It aptly illustrates the prodigality to which I have just alluded :—

The fellow obtained a sovereign from the paymaster one morning—half of it on his own account and half for a chum. Money in pocket, and leave of absence secured, he started off for the French depot, Kameisch, where he bought a bottle of brandy for five shillings, drank it all up before he returned to the

camp, and lost the change, including the ten shillings drawn for his friend!

As it might be supposed, the Irishmen afforded the most wit and humor. They formed the majority in many of the regiments, but, as far as I could ascertain, had not withstood the severity of the climate and the numerous deprivations any better than their comrades of less experience in bogs and brakes. I heard a number of laughable stories of their coolness. The following will suffice for specimens :—

In a sortie made by the Russians one night in December, the guard of the 50th regiment was killed, and the enemy took possession of the picket, only to remain for a short time, however; for the rifles, hearing the alarm, soon came up and slaughtered the intruders without mercy. A patrol officer coming along some time after, and finding an Irishman of the rifles on guard, addressed him, "Well, my man, what are you doing here? You do not belong to the 50th." "May it plase yer honor," said Paddy, "the Rooshins relieved the 50th, and we relieved the Rooshins!"

A facetious Scotch friend who had his lodgings in Balaklava, was aroused by the violent ringing of bells, and general confusion throughout the harbor on the demise of the old and the inauguration of the new year. Forgetting the occasion, he

sallied forth into the dark cold streets, thinking that there must be a fire somewhere. Soon convinced of his mistake, but ready and anxious as ever, (the wicked fellow!) for a bit of fun, he carelessly said to a shivering Erinite whom he found standing on guard, "Well, sentinel, if a fire should break out here, what should you consider it to be your duty to do first?" "Indade, sir, I should think it my first duty to warm myself," was the off-hand and witty reply.

Lieutenant Edward Wylde, R. N., an active and intelligent gentleman, who had the arduous duty of superintending the embarkation of the larger portion of the sick and wounded, ordered to the hospitals at Scutari, related to me many remarkable instances of the wonderful *esprit de corps*. In assisting one poor fellow, who had lost a leg, and been shot through the thigh as well as through the breast, but who was very coolly smoking his pipe, he remarked, "Well, my good man, I see that you keep your spirits up in the midst of your trouble." "Oh, yes!" said the sufferer with a smile, "I never allow such trifles to put out my pipe. I paid the Russians for damaging me, I can tell you. No sooner was my bayonet into one fellow before I jerked it out and drove it into another, and so I went on to the tune of a dozen of them! and if I

ever get well and have an opportunity, I'll be at the beggars again, you may be sure of that."

This is but a sample of the manner in which the mangled victims expressed themselves. Who will say that war does not harden and degrade the human heart?

Captain Benson, paymaster, whom I met frequently, said to me, "After the battle of the Alma, I met a Highlander with a broken leg limping about the field. I said to him, Pray, my good man, what are you looking for? Why do you not go to the hospital tent and have your leg set?" "Oh, sir," he replied, "I'm looking for my piece." "What do you mean?" I asked. "Why, my musket, sir." "Oh, never mind that," said I, "the government will furnish you with another if you ever need it. Do take my advice and go and have your broken limb attended to immediately." "The leg be hanged," said he in an excited tone. "I *must* find my piece," and I left him wandering about the field anxiously searching for his "piece."

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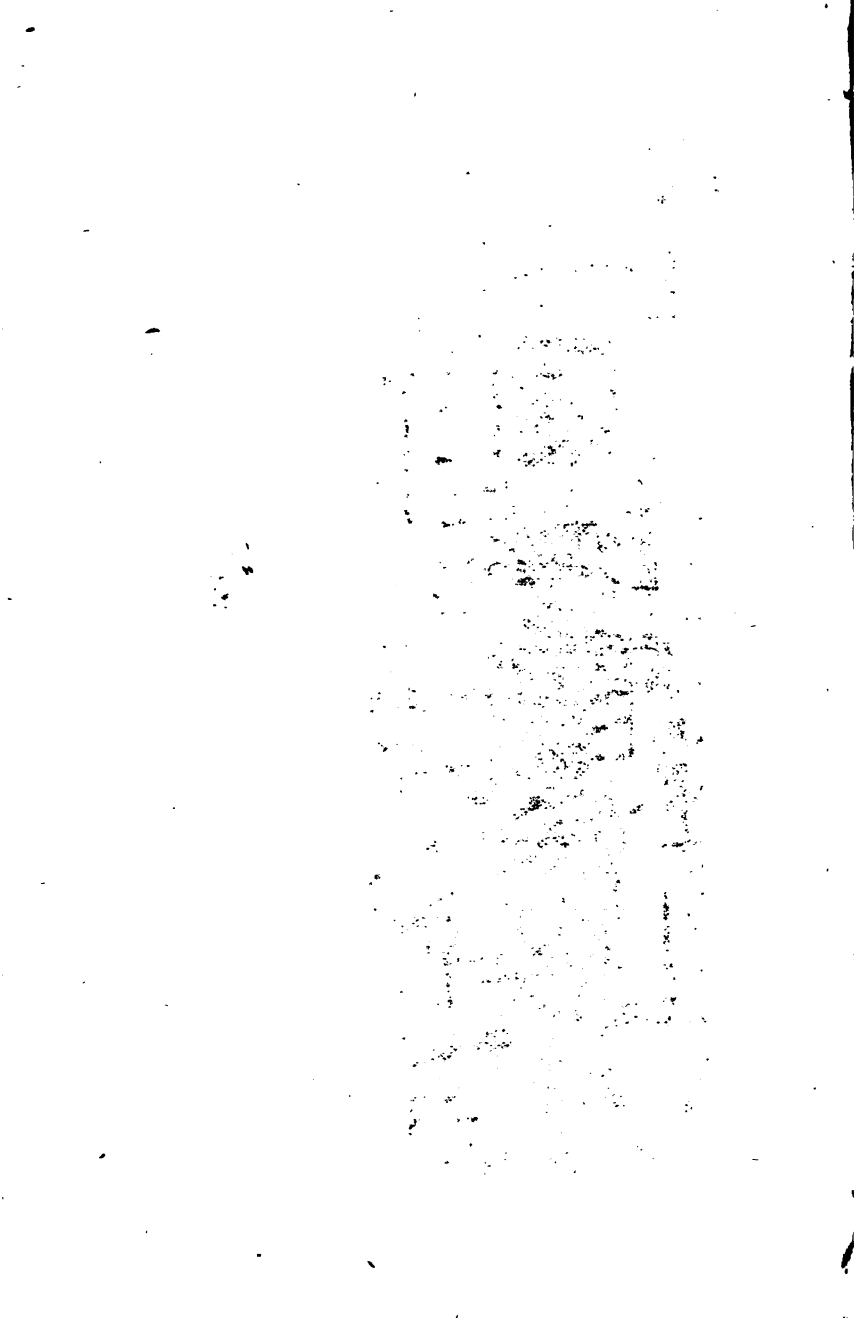
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HEAD QUARTERS OF LORD RAGLAN.

CHAPTER

CHARTERS OF LORD RAGLAN AS
APPEARANCE—STAFF
FLOWER AND BOSQUET—GLADE
THE CAMP—ENEMAS CAUGHT
TIME AT—LORD CARDIGAN AND LUCAN—
OR LIEUT EVANS AND OTHER COMMANDS OF OFFICERS—SIR
SCARLETT—THE OPERATIONS OF THE WINTER AND THE SPRING
LENTS—THE TUNNEL—

...d quarters of the ... Lord Raglan and ... Chersonese ... distance of about ... one three or four miles ... visited Lord Raglan's establishment ... ...ols. An old Russian farm-house, ..., and surrounded with out-... The ... rough ... planted ... arrange... ...ard, ... last attained ... ... a



CHAPTER XII.

THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF LORD RAGLAN AND GENERAL CANROBERT.—LORD RAGLAN'S APPEARANCE.—STAFF OFFICERS.—GENERAL CANROBERT.—GENERALS PELLISIER AND BOSQUET.—GENERAL CANROBERT'S STYLE OF GOING THROUGH THE CAMP.—GENERALS CATHCART AND STRANGWAYS.—THE OFFICERS' CEMETERY.—LORDS CARDIGAN AND LUCAN.—CAPTAIN NOLAN.—GENERAL SIR DE LACY EVANS AND OTHER COMMANDING OFFICERS.—SIR COLIN CAMPBELL.—THE OFFICERS OF THE MEDICAL AND COMMISSARIAT DEPARTMENTS.—DR. JENNER.—A LUDICROUS INCIDENT.

THE head-quarters of the commandants, Field Marshal Lord Raglan and General Canrobert, were located at the distance of about four miles from Balaklava, and some three or four miles in the rear of Sevastopol.

I visited Lord Raglan's establishment on several occasions. An old Russian farm-house, plain, but comfortable, and surrounded with out-buildings and tents. The national colors and a private signal floated from rough poles planted in what had evidently been a well arranged door-yard, but over which the shades of desolation had attained complete control, only a

few jagged stumps remained to tell of beautiful trees, and scattered switches alone survived the once flourishing shrubbery.

Lord Raglan is a gentleman of commanding appearance, tall, rather stout, hearty and smiling,—in many respects closely resembling our honored Winfield Scott, though not of such colossal stature.

Having lost his right arm at Waterloo, he is said to have remarked at the battle of Inkerman, when the French troops came to his aid, at a time of great necessity, "The French owed me an arm, and they have paid their debt!"

As secretary to the Duke of Wellington he gained a high reputation, and subsequent intimate connection with her Majesty's army satisfied the government that he was well qualified for the important position which he now occupies. He was every where liked for his exceeding amiability, but almost universally pronounced by officers and men to be quite destitute of that activity and perserverance which should always be prominent in the character of a commander-in-chief. I am not the one to decide as to the correctness of this widely expressed opinion. The circumstances under which he has had to proceed during the entire campaign have certainly been such as to afford

very little opportunity for progress or success in any movement.

His Lordship's staff officers occupied the tents adjoining the head-quarters. General Airey, the quarter-master-general, was considered a good officer, and Adjutant General Estcourt met the esteem of every one. General E. was engaged in the Maine boundary commission, in connection with the Ashburton treaty.

General Canrobert, the successor to the courageous and much lamented St. Arnaud, in the command of the French forces, was spoken of in terms of exalted commendation. His activity and utter fearlessness made him very popular with the more impetuous members of both of the besieging armies.

Of General Pelissier, General Bosquet and other of his chief officers, the highest opinion was every where entertained. The latter has given abundant proof of his able generalship.

General Canrobert's head-quarters were less commodious than those of Lord Raglan. In riding about the camp he always created a marked sensation, by his dashing manner, and long train of attendants invariably including two or more of the strangely dressed chasseurs d'Afrique.

The loss of the English Generals, Cathcart and

Strangways, killed at the battle of Inkerman, was universally deplored. Brave and experienced men, their departure seemed exceedingly untimely.

On an elevated and beautiful position in the rear of the batteries, to which the name of Cathcart Hill has been given, is the officers' cemetery. And there the bodies of these eminent warriors rest in the quiet sleep of death.

The conduct of Lords Cardigan and Lucan, and Captain Nolan at the ill-fated cavalry charge at Balaklava was the theme of constant consideration, but I was unable to get a distinct explanation of the way in which so many noble men were given up to ruthless slaughter. Captain Nolan's memory was tenderly cherished. He was one of the most promising officers in the service.

Of the officers in command of the several divisions, etc., General Sir De Lacy Evans, Sir George Brown, Lord Cardigan, General Pennyfather, and Sir Colin Campbell were the most popular. All excepting the last named had returned to England to recruit their failing health. Sir Colin, a sturdy old gentleman, flowing with vigorous life, and versed in every thing pertaining to war, remained at his quarters at Kadukoi. No officer has a wider circle of admiring friends. He is almost idolized by his famous Highland brigade, the

constant good condition of which speaks well for his guardianship. Sir Colin is no friend of that surplus of system and absurd etiquette which must always bring the most disastrous results to an army. I was sitting in the room of my friend Captain Mitchell, of the artillery, one morning, when the gallant old officer came in. He entered into a lively conversation on matters and things in general. Was very much pleased at the idea of some English ladies sending a large quantity of warm clothing to the Highlanders, and much amused at the remarks of one of the commissariat officers whom he had seen at Balaklava the day previous. This sagacious official complained bitterly of the conduct of Lieutenant ———, of the artillery, who, finding a good quantity of hay at hand, had taken a supply for fourteen days, when according to rule he should have taken only enough for one day. I told him, said Sir Colin, that my only wonder was that he had not taken a supply for thirty days!

The officers of the medical and commissariat departments were many of them extremely unpopular, while others received universal praise for their kind attention. The medical stores were mainly deposited at Balaklava, where there was a hospital, at first inferior, but subsequently very well arranged. It was small, and but few patients could be accommodated,

the main portion of the sick and wounded being shipped to the extensive hospital at Scutari.

One of the best humored visitors at our ship was the Medical Purveyor General, Dr. Jenner. He always brought the details of some incident "fresh and funny," wherewith to provoke us to laughter even before dinner. His humorous history of life in Varna and his Crimean experience was heartily amusing, although as its hero he must have endured a deal of absolute suffering. We were deprived of his vivacious company in the latter days of January, when the hard pressure of his duties had so reduced his system that it became necessary for him to retire to Scutari. His name calls to mind an incident of which the details may afford amusement. Word came to us one day that the Purveyor had lost his cat, not by starvation, as we would have naturally supposed, but by theft, and in the following ludicrous manner: His vigilant Hibernian servant espied two stalwart Zouaves hovering around the yard, where innocent Tom was carelessly lounging, but scarcely had he time to suspect them of an evil purpose, when seizing Tom, they went off at a quick pace. "Come back with the cat!" shouted Pat. "What do ye mane to do with him?" But come back they would not, and as they started to run, Pat started after them. Away they went, but

poor Pat unused to racing soon tired out, and as he took a last look at Tom, and shook his ugly fist at the absconding Frenchmen, his Kilkenny understanding was sorely puzzled at their stentorian shouts of *Bon pour manger, bon pour manger.* An English rendering of the horribly suggestive exclamations failed to afford him any satisfaction, and in spite of all persuasion he could not be convinced that Tom would make as fine a pie as a corn fed capon, or that a Zouave was not always ready to steal any thing that came in his way, from a cat to a drove of cattle.

CHAPTER XIII.

DISREGARD FOR THE SABBATH.—DESTITUTION OF CHAPLAINS.—THE CHURCH IN BALAKLAVA.—THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FORCES.—HIS ASSISTANT.—THEIR LABORS.—MR. MATHESON, OF THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND SOCIETY.—ADJUTANT-GENERAL ESTCOURT.—LORD RAGLAN AND THE BIBLE.—MR. RIGHTER.—THE BIBLE IN THE CAMP.—THE SOLDIERS INTERESTED.—THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

THE well-known assertion of a distinguished English officer that "Sunday must always give way to the service," was painfully verified. Excepting upon a few of the transport vessels where the men positively refused to work, the "day of rest" was prostituted to business interests, as readily as though it were unworthy of the slightest respect. "Do they make you work on Sunday?" said a newly arrived recruit to an old soldier whom he found engaged in repairing the streets of Balaklava. "Is it Sunday?" innocently inquired the workman. "We can't keep the run of the days out here."

In the camp, with few exceptions, the regiments were quite destitute of chaplains, and utterly deprived

of all religious meetings. In Balaklava the chaplain of the forces, the Rev. John Hayward, and his assistant Mr. Taylor, maintained regular services on the Sabbath, and on two evenings in the week.

Several of the obliging transport captains had permitted their carpenters to assist Mr. H., and the second story of one of the most commodious cottages was rendered a very comfortable chapel. To be sure it was quite destitute of carpet, or seats with backs or cushions. A coarse blanket served as a door, and a huge fireplace was serviceable, when any fuel could be had. Strong tow twine suspended a pair of original chandeliers from the roof. Two old sieves had been ingeniously encircled with plain tin sockets, into which the soft tallow luminaries were readily compressed.

All around where a city churchman would look for the pulpit and altar, there was a promiscuous array of winter clothing, blankets and stockings, boxes of tobacco, knapsacks, and other articles of the same martial nature, and once when rising to conform to a section of the service, my head came in contact with a side of mutton, which, in the absence of a better storeroom, the provident chaplain had suspended from one of the roof beams!

The chaplain came up from his bedroom below stairs, with gown in hand, and doffing his wide-brimmed

felt hat, deliberately arranged his ecclesiastical habiliments in the face of the entire audience. He was just the man for the post, fully up to every emergency, and totally free from pride, arrogance, and indolence, too frequently in these latter days the prominent characteristics of the clergy. His sermons were appropriate and impressive, often bearing directly upon the temptations of war. He led the singing with creditable energy, always, however, choosing the same hymn and tune. The hymn found in the book of common prayer, and commencing :—

"With one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise."

Mr. Hayward was indefatigable in his labors among the sick. He might frequently be seen striding through the mud in his great red leather boots, and where it was possible for him to do any good either in a spiritual or temporal line, he was sure to be found. Mr. Taylor was efficient in visiting the invalids upon the ships, for it was often the case that officers preferred to be removed to a ship in the harbor rather than to go to Scutari.

Mr. Hayward gathered a very good congregation, often numbering over fifty persons, nearly all in "Her

Majesty's service." Captain Christie was a regular attendant, and several officers came in from the "front."

I cannot forbear reference to the efforts of Mr. D. Matheson (of Huntley, in Aberdeenshire), a colporteur or scripture reader, sent out by the "Soldiers' Friend Society" to labor among the Highland regiments. I made his acquaintance on the very day of my arrival in the harbor, and subsequently met him nearly every day either on some one of the vessels, or in his perambulations through the camp. Possessed of a true Scotch heart, large and full of sympathy and benevolence, this good man was constantly engaged in endeavoring to comfort the sick and dying. At an early hour he would leave his quarters on the transport ship Bride, No. 27, and start for the camp, with his pockets and arms filled with Bibles, tracts and other religious publications, together with such a variety of little "knicknacks" for the temporal relief of the suffering members of his charge, as he could secure from the newly arrived vessels. He visited from tent to tent, and by his sincerity and unostentatious kindness soon became a great favorite both among the officers and men. Not afraid of hard climbing and trouble, he made it a point to visit the ships as they came into port, and to attend to the reception of the various boxes and parcels of

clothing and other articles sent to the officers and men of the Highland regiments by the dear ones at home. I do not remember to have seen any one so watchful of the soldier's interests. Not one man in ten thousand would have been appropriate to his position, while he with a singular aptness facilitated every thing with so much success. I recollect that on one occasion when the chaplain of the forces thought that he had been out of fresh meat quite as long as he could stand it, he made application to Mr. Matheson to hunt him up a sheep. The commission looked difficult at that particular time, but he set to work with his usual energy, and in a few days the good chaplain was luxuriating on mutton chops.

Mr. M. had a novel way of keeping the sailors in the harbor well supplied with good reading. Finding it somewhat difficult to visit all of the numerous vessels, he made up parcels of tracts and threw them on board from a small boat. They were thankfully received, and, I have reason to believe, in many instances carefully perused.

Soon after my arrival at the camp, I went with Mr. Righter to call upon Adjutant-general Estcourt, to whom he had a letter of introduction. General E., as urbane as courageous, promised a prompt explanation of Mr. Righter's business to the Field Marshal,

and the next day a letter * was received, granting him liberty to undertake the distribution of Bibles wherever he might find any destitution in the English camp.

We subsequently called in company upon Lord Raglan, and received a most cordial welcome. He expressed a special interest in our Great Republic, and a hearty appreciation of the motives of Mr. Righter's visit, as the representative of the widely esteemed American Bible Society.

* The following is a copy of the letter referred to:—

Camp before Sevastopol, Dec. 28, 1854.

SIR:—I have this afternoon seen Lord Raglan, and have communicated to him the desire of the American Bible Society, and the purpose of your visit to Balaklava at this time. I am directed by his lordship to express the thanks which are due from the army to the American Bible Society for their benevolent intentions, and to say that his lordship can have no objection to the distribution of Bibles to the soldiers of this army: quite the contrary; but he thinks it desirable that it should be intrusted to the chaplains of the army attached to the different divisions, or at any rate, that it may be done in concert with them, so that they may be made acquainted with all that is done.

If it should happen that the Society should wish to send a gentleman of their body to watch the distribution of their bounty, I must request that he will first call on me, bringing with him the authority of the Society for acting in their behalf.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

J. B. BUCKNALL ESTCOURT, *Adjutant-general.*

The Rev. C. N. Righter.

It appeared that the troops had been carefully provided with Bibles and Testaments, at the time of their departure from England, but in the confusion of the battles, and the march from the Alma, many copies were lost or destroyed, and in a brief visit through the tents of a single regiment, Mr. Righter found ample confirmation of the truthfulness of the reported destitution, as well as of a strong desire on the part of the men to receive and preserve the new copies which he had in hand for them.

In the first tent he entered, a poor fellow, lying on the damp ground in his tattered blanket, said: "I would be very glad to have a Bible, sir." Two others were asked for in the same tent. In another tent he found a shivering victim of the ague, who roused up, and earnestly expressed his desire to obtain a copy of the "good book," having, as he said, lost his at the battle of the Alma, and since then had nothing but a prayer-book, which he plundered from the knapsack of a dead comrade at the battle of Inkerman. And when a copy was placed in his hands, he exclaimed, "I have money, and would gladly pay for it; I should value it the more. How much shall I give?" Whatever you choose, said Mr. R. The liberal-hearted sufferer handed out three shillings and sixpence sterling, and to Mr. Righter's desire to return a portion of the

amount, thinking it too much for a poor soldier to pay, he gallantly replied, "Keep it all; I give it as a free-will offering to the American Bible Society!"

Mr. Righter was able to remain at the camp but a week, yet he received the gratifying assurance of having accomplished no little good by his timely enterprise. The chaplain of the forces, whose supply of Bibles had not yet arrived from England, purchased a large number, and beside those distributed by Mr. Righter, others were afterwards sent from the depository at Constantinople.

The opportunity of distributing the "bread of life" among the destitute warriors of our ancestral nation, will be long remembered with grateful emotion by him who so happily imparted the sympathy of our efficient organization, and by all who properly appreciate the importance of that Word which speaketh comfort to the soul.

Mr. Righter applied for permission to distribute the scriptures in the French camp, but General Canrobert intimated that it would be contrary to the regulations of the army, to allow him the privilege.

I accompanied Mr. Righter on a visit to the Russian prisoners, chiefly deserters, kept in the guard-house at Balaklava.

Some hundreds of prisoners had been taken by the

Allied armies, but for good reasons they were quickly despatched to Constantinople, and placed in the prisons of their respective captors, located in that city. We found but thirteen ; several of them were unwell, the others busied themselves in repairing their clothing, etc. They complained to Mr. Upton, who had kindly offered to be our interpreter, of the need of new garments, and a drunken member of the Provost Marshal's department who stood by, assured them with much earnestness that their wants should be supplied without delay. Those of the men in good health worked upon the roads, in and about the village, for which they were allowed a shilling sterling each per day.

They were mostly short-bodied, round-faced men, without the slightest intellectual capacity; but three or four could read—only one, I think, was ready to accept a copy of the Scriptures.

The uneducated Russian is generally good-natured, and, in many respects, he bears a close resemblance to the Chinaman.

Deserters came in from the Russian ranks in large numbers. Nearly all claimed to be natives of Poland, probably with the belief that they would secure better treatment as such, than as Russians. It was found that very little, if any, reliance could be placed upon

their numerous and contradictory accounts of the Russian movements.

The dress of the prisoners presented a striking contrast with that of any of the other strange denizens of Balaklava. The little round cap is worn, save in a very few of the regiments. The winter overcoat is very long and heavy, manufactured of an unusually coarse, but evidently substantial, gray cloth, approaching in color to that used in the Turkish service (I procured a good sample of the cloth at Balaklava, where a considerable quantity was stored when the English took possession of the village). With the exception of a small gilt strap on the shoulder, the uniform of the officer is precisely like that of the private; indeed, it is generally believed that the officers wear the identical style when they go into action, so that they may not be too prominent. It is a marked fact that very few persons dressed as officers, were found among the Russian dead at any of the battles. Perhaps, however, the Emperor has ordered that whenever possible the bodies of the fallen officers shall be instantly carried from the field; or it may be the custom of the men, owing to the intense reverence that the serf has for rank, never to leave behind the bodies of their leaders.

The Russian firearms are rude and clumsy, except-

ing the rifles used in a few of the regiments, which are of exquisite workmanship, and such as were taken at the battles, were very highly valued by the English officers. I obtained one of the amulets worn by a large portion of the Muscovite soldiers. It consists of a small brass plate, coarsely stamped with a figure of some saint, whose title I am unable to announce.

The amulets are worn about the neck, and considered to be an effectual charm against the assaults of his Satanic Majesty, although evidently not at all serviceable in preserving the wearer from the dangers of war.

CHAPTER XIV.

VESSELS IN THE HARBOR OF BALAKLAVA.—AMERICAN SHIPS.—CUNARD STEAMERS.—FIRES.—RECKLESSNESS OF THE CAPTAIN OF A POWDER-SHIP.—FIRE ANNIHILATOR.—LUXURIES FOR THE MEN.—AMMUNITION.—FRENCH ASSISTANCE.—CARRYING UP THE SHOT AND SHELL.—THE ZOUAVES.—THE RAILWAY.—THE NAVVIES.—RAILWAY OFFICE.—SIR SAMUEL MORTON PETO.—THE POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS EXTREMELY UNSATISFACTORY.

THE harbor of Balaklava presented a scene of much activity during the month of January. Vessels crowded in, day after day, until no more could be accommodated. They were all under the English flag, though I recognized the clipper ships, Pride of the Ocean, Star of the South, Shooting Star, and Belgravia, as of American model and construction. They were owned by British merchants, and engaged in the transport service.

The popular Cunard steamers Europa, Niagara, and Arabia, with scores of others, large and small, from most of the English merchant lines, were in the harbor at different times. Over two hundred vessels

were in the transport service, each having the registered number painted in prominent characters upon the side.

A number of steam and sailing craft were constantly employed in conveying the sick and wounded to the hospital at Scutari, others were occupied in the transport of provisions and ammunition. Several were sent around the Crimean coast to hunt for hay. I became acquainted with numbers of the captains. It was my pleasure to see much of Captain Kruger, of the steamer Lion, formerly in the Hull and St. Petersburgh trade. His cheerful cabin was an inviting resort. To the clerk of the Lion, Mr. Smith, I am indebted for the conveyance of letters to and from my Constantinople correspondents.

Captain ——, of the Cormorant, 103, and Captain Liddle, of the Bride, 27, gave me much kind attention.

Many of the vessels were kept in the harbor as storeships, in the absence of suitable storehouses on shore. Much danger was apprehended from fire, as quantities of powder, and other combustible materials, were often very carelessly exposed.

An instance of astonishing recklessness was exhibited in the conduct of the commander of the ——, a powder ship, said to have had six hundred tons of the dangerous article in her hold. This prudent mari-

ner was in the habit of firing off pistols in his cabin, by way of amusement. This, with other palpable evidences of his unfitness for his responsible position, attracted the attention of the naval authorities. A court of captains was held, and he met a prompt dismissal, and soon quit the harbor for the society of his wife and family. A very good husband and father perhaps, but a strange man to command a powder ship.

There were several alarms of fire, one on the powder ship Star of the South, and one on the Cunard steamer Arabia. But slight damage was sustained. The Fire Annihilator (Phillips', I believe) was used with acknowledged success, on one or both of these instances, and I saw that many of the transports were provided with it, and found its value very generally appreciated.

Quantities of "extra stores" commenced to arrive from Constantinople, Malta and England. The Trent, Captain Ponsonby, brought a large assortment of edibles, and for several days her decks looked like a well crowded bazaar. The Alma, a small screw steamer, arrived with a cargo of choice groceries and a variety of other goods. This vessel having been despatched by an experienced London house, the articles were carefully packed in convenient sized boxes. Choice jel-

lies and preserved fruits, with other delicacies for the sick and enfeebled, were gladly purchased by scores of officers and men, who fairly besieged the vessel while her cargo lasted, which was but a very few days.

A variety of railway novels and other cheap publications were seized upon with intense avidity, being about the first arrival of any kind of book literature.

Of ammunition the supply at Balaklava was really enormous. A large dock and yard was constantly filled with round shot, shells, and powder, nearly all of the vessels bringing some as ballast on their voyage from England. The Niger (man-of-war) landed twenty tons of powder and five thousand shot and shell in one day.

The French were constantly engaged in conveying shot and shell from Balaklava to the English batteries. With twelve sturdy horses or athletic mules attached to one of their great artillery wagons, they never dared to venture upon the roads with more than twelve of the largest sized shells, and those not loaded.

Large numbers of Frenchmen would come from their camp at an early hour, marching in irregular order, each with a long handspike upon his shoulder. The loaded shells were snugly encased in pine boxes of perhaps a cubic foot in size, the weight and class of the shell being plainly marked on the outside. Through

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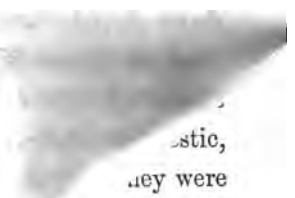
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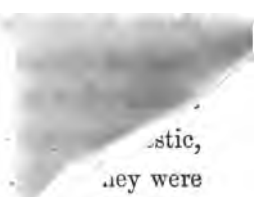
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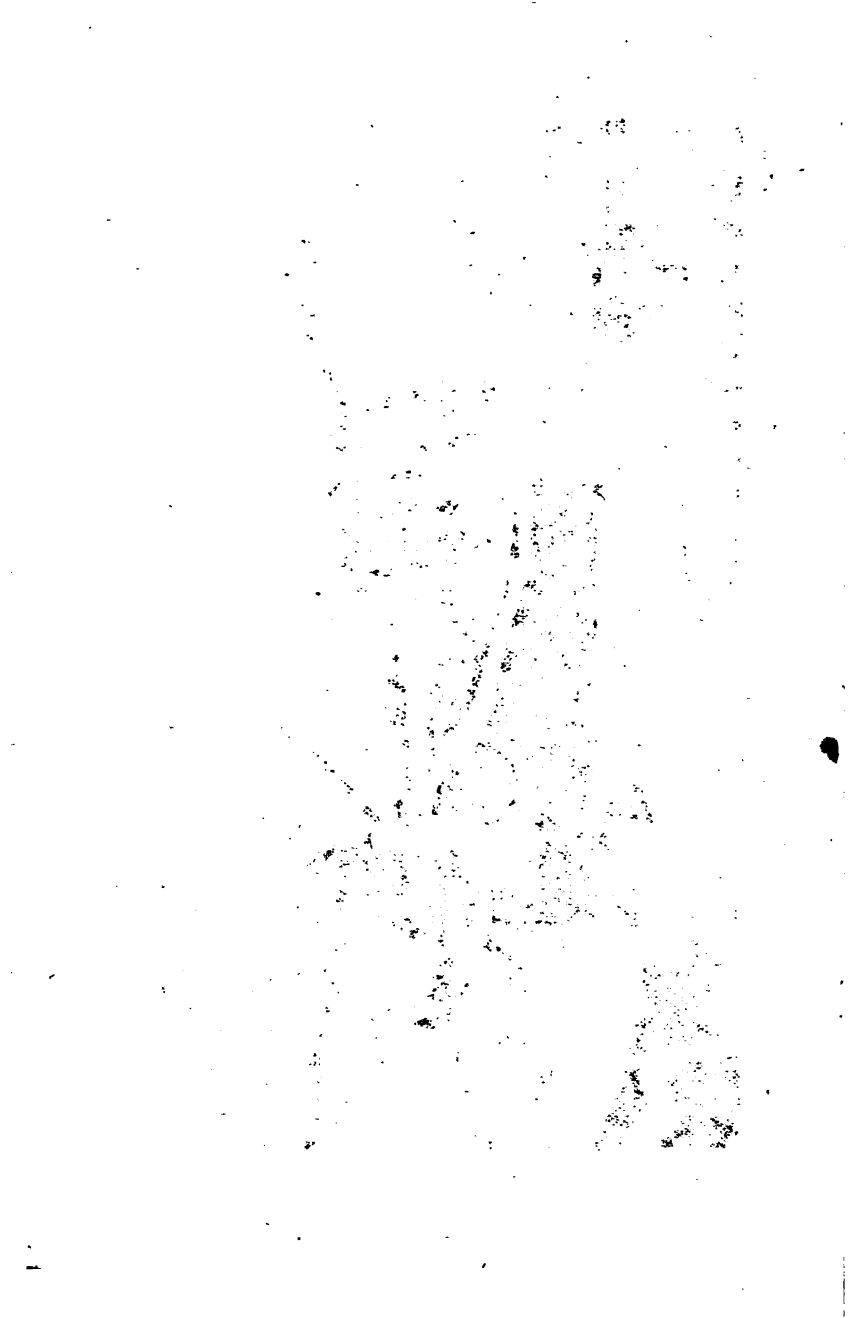
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to have it for dinner!

The dress of the Zouaves is [illegible]



a strong rope loop attached to the top of each box the handspike was quickly run, and once suspended from the shoulders of two men the load was speedily toted off. I saw whole columns of French soldiers thus carrying up food for the hungry guns of their English allies. Many of the round shot also fell to the transportation of the French. Small but strong bags were provided, into each of which a single shot was placed. Each man seized a bag with its iron enclosure, threw it over his shoulder and was off in an instant. The greatest good-humor and energy characterized these obliging allies.

The Zouaves were among the most active and impetuous fellows that I found in the camp. They are Frenchmen picked principally from regiments which have served in Africa, and chosen for their courage, daring, energy, and powers of endurance. Many of them have been *Gamins de Paris.*

They may be said to excel in every sleight of camp life. Climbing over precipitous rocks on which the most nimble footed goat would hardly venture, they gathered much of their firewood from the wrecks along the beach, and if a dead fowl, wild or domestic, chanced to be seen floating in the harbor, they were sure to have it for dinner!

The dress of the Zouaves is peculiar and attract-

ive, somewhat like the much talked of bloomer innovation, and their careless swaggering gait gave them an appearance different from that of any troops that I have ever seen. They are splendid men in action, and their bravery at the recent battles has added to their previous high reputation.

Their agility served to astonish staid John Bull beyond measure.

The roads became more difficult of travel every day, and it was next to impossible for man or beast to get over them. The project of constructing a tram or railway for the transport of the provisions and ammunition to the several divisions, was hailed with great satisfaction. The novelty of the idea was a startling evidence of the progress of the age.

Towards the close of January the long talked of Navvies began to arrive, and as several able engineers, and a portion of the railway material, or *plant*, as our English friends term it, had preceded them, they were enabled to go to work with but little delay. For weeks the sign "railway office" had been chalked on the front of one of the old buildings at the extremity of the village, and every body was living in anxious hope for the speedy completion of the much needed iron road.

The Navvies are a stout class of laboring men, ex-

perienced in the use of the shovel and pick.* The celebrated contractors, Messrs. Peto, Brassey & Company, had, with their usual good judgment, taken much pains to select only such as were of temperate habits, and, under their enterprising superintendence, the road has now been completed at least half way from Balaklava to the "front."

Had its assistance been enjoyed in the autumn and winter, how many faithful animals might have escaped a cruel death, and how much comfort might have been afforded the overworked regiments.

The liberality of Sir Samuel Morton Peto (a gentleman of sterling Christian principle, and extraor-

* The annexed description of the Navvies was given in the *London Illustrated News*, at the time of the departure from England of those destined for the Crimea. I make no apology for its introduction, as comparatively little has been written of this now notorious class of men, and information touching their peculiar characteristics has been repeatedly called for.

"The navigators to whom so much attention has been recently called, in consequence of the despatch of a small body of them to the Crimea, originated, as a class, in the fen counties, where they were employed in the great drainage undertakings; and to this day the Lincolnshire men are famous hands at what is called wet work, or the excavations for docks on soft ground. But the continual demands of canals, docks, and railroads, ever since the time of Brindley—especially railroads—have created a distinctive class of Navvies, or earth-laborers, able, from skill and strength, to do twice as much as ordinary agricultural diggers and delvers. The party despatched to the Crimea includes every kind of workmen; not only those who handle the shovel and the pick and the crowbar, and roll the wheelbarrow, but carpenters, smiths, plate-layers, well-sinkers, &c. The Navvy proper deals only with the shovel, the pick, the crowbar, and the wheelbarrow.

dinary enterprise), in offering to construct the railway, regardless of profit, and at the same time, to sacrifice his seat in Parliament, as the acceptance of a government contract rendered obligatory, was very properly

"From the immense scale on which public works have been carried on for many years, there are a very considerable number who have been bred to the business—who have worked at some kind of railway work from the time they were boys, and have seen most of the counties of England, as well as parts of France and America. There are men who have never worked but for one master, and who would travel a hundred miles to be under a man they know in preference to taking work close at hand. In addition to those who are 'to the manner born,' the ranks of the nomadic army of shovellers are continually recruited from the strongest and most enterprising of the peasantry in the districts in which canals or railroads are made. Hodge, deep-chested and broad-backed, discovers by association and comparison that if he can eat as much meat and drink as much beer as the stranger, he can do nearly as much work, so he sacrifices those parish ties so dear to the ignorant and timid peasant, and takes to the shovel and wheelbarrow with a full knowledge that he must run where he formerly crawled.

"There are two circumstances that tend to develop the physical energies of Navvies. The one is that a contractor judges his men as he does his horses—he has a minimum below which he won't have either one or the other at any price. Cheap horses and cheap men are of no use to him, because time is an important element in his bargains. The other is the plan of doing a good deal of the best work by small sub-contracts or by partnership. Of course the sub-contractors or the partners will only accept able men; and men working by piece-work (which is another form of partnership) do their best.

"There are among Navvies men of many countries, trades, and even professions; there are instances of men who have risen from the pick and wheelbarrow to be contractors, have banking accounts, and dine with Peers. Every now and then you meet with men of remarkable self-taught acquirements, mechanical and arithmetical. But, as a general rule, a well-built frame and strong lungs, breadth across the chest, back, and loins, rather than excessive height, are the characteristics of the genuine Navvy. We have known two surgeons (very drunken fellows) working as Navvies. On the Lincolnshire Railway, eight years ago, was a very tall fellow who had been footman to an old lady; but, apparently tired of following her hooks and eyes, he took suit and service among the knights of the barrow, and much distinguished himself until he was unfortunately suffocated in the mud at the New Holland Pier. There is a story told that Mr. Brassey,

applauded, both in the camp, and throughout England.

A well-meaning gentleman has urged (through the *London Times*) the construction, throughout the lines,

some years since, in a dearth of labor sent to the islands of Scotland for a shipload of Celts, who arrived and landed with two pair of bagpipes, and not a pair of breeches among them. Some of these afterwards became men of substance worth thousands.

"A great many exaggerated stories are told of the violence and immorality of the Navvies. They have the faults of all uneducated men in this beer-drinking country, who work hard and earn heavy wages. But they have also many virtues. They are hospitable and charitable, always ready to subscribe liberally to the support of those among them who are maimed or sick. Out of the large body of men engaged for the Crimea, more than two thirds arranged with Mr. Beatty, the engineer in command, to transmit money to parents and other relatives.

"In the case of this particular corps, no man was accepted without a character for sobriety, honesty, and ability; but so numerous were the applications—tempted partly by the high pay, 5s. a day and rations, and partly by the spirit of adventure—that the engineer would have had no difficulty in obtaining one thousand good men. Eighty came from the Tilbury line, and a large body offered from the laborers at the Houses of Parliament. Some of the candidates, however, were rather startled by the inquiry for testimonials. 'Is it my character ye want?' exclaimed one six-foot, red-haired Irishman—'arrah, look at my shovel.'

"It is, however, a fact, attributable, perhaps, to potato food, that although there are so many Irish soldiers, there are very few Irish navigators.

"The Navvies' tools will afford a lesson to the tool-buyers for the Sappers and Miners, who are a century behind civil engineers in all such work.

"It has been stated that the Crimean Navvies are to be armed. This is a mistake—they are too valuable and expensive to be put in the way of shot, if it can be avoided. A few arms have been sent for special cases; and a few of the candidates inquired if they might have the chance of a shot at the Russians. On all the great works hitherto undertaken by Messrs. Peto and Betts, temporary buildings have been erected for chapels and school-rooms, and schoolmasters and scripture readers have been engaged with decidedly beneficial effects. These precautions will not be neglected in the Crimea, where the whole body of men will eventually amount to four hundred."

of plank roads similar to those common in this country. He could have had but a poor knowledge of the nature of the soil, and the amount of travel. Nothing but a railroad could stand the work. I think that I am correct in saying that the number of men and horses passing to and from Balaklava, and to the various divisions, in a single day, far exceeded the number ever seen in the same time upon the most popular plank thoroughfare in the United States.

The greatest dissatisfaction was every where expressed in reference to the inexplicable confusion existing in all of the postal arrangements. Seldom were the anxiously looked-for mails from home entirely delivered until several days after their arrival at the Post Office at Balaklava, and then the stupid officials failed to assort them correctly. I went with my friend Captain McR. at the announcement of the arrival of nearly every mail, and his polite manner of inquiry usually met the rude response, "There 's nothing for ye," when in a few days after, by begging special permission to examine the mass of letters and papers thrown helter-skelter over the filthy floor of the forlorn establishment, he generally succeeded in rooting out his anxiously expected correspondence. The Captain's experience was that of very many, and particularly those connected with the transport vessels, toward

whom the military and naval dignitaries, as well as the home government, took frequent occasion to exhibit a spirit of gross disregard and disdain. It was the height of presumption for any one to attempt to ascertain when the mails for England were to be closed. I once saw it distinctly announced on a large placard bearing the postmaster's autograph, and prominently posted at the door of the office, that the mail would close at eight o'clock P. M., when it was actually sent away at noon of the same day.

An ill-natured and profoundly ignorant Irish sergeant was left in charge of the office the most of the time. His inattention and provoking insolence was only surpassed by that of his superior, an arrogant fop, whose conduct met general contempt. It would have been a work of supererogation to have searched for a person possessing fewer qualifications for the responsible duties entrusted to a postmaster.

The postage of a letter from the camp to England was fixed at the moderate charge of three pence. The mails, usually very large, were conveyed to Constantinople by steamers from Kameisch, and from thence by the semi-weekly steamers of the *Messageries Impériales*, a mammoth French navigation company, who, with boats generally inferior, and officers generally stupid, managed to maintain a gratifying communi-

cation between the Ottoman capital and the city of Marseilles.

Great numbers of French troops were carried by this line, and with the multitude of English passengers, the boats always went well filled. Those leaving Constantinople on Monday, stopped at Athens and Messina; those of Thursday, at Gallipoli, Smyrna, Syra, and Malta. By the first named route, the voyage was advertised to occupy seven or eight, and by the latter nine or ten days.

The "Queen's Messengers" bearing dispatches from the home government for the British Minister at Constantinople, and Lord Raglan, came by these steamers. In fact no other line to Marseilles had been established.

CHAPTER XV.

A RECONNAISSANCE.—KAMARA.—THE CRIMEAN VILLAGES AND TOWNS.—PRODUCTS OF THE SOIL.—ALOUPKA, THE MAGNIFICENT RESIDENCE OF PRINCE WORONZOFF.—PRINCE MENSCHICOFF.—SIMPHEROPOL.—EUPATORIA.—THE ALMA.—PEREKOP.—KERTCH—ARABAT.—SEA OF AZOF.—JOHN HOWARD THE PHILANTHROPIST.—A CURIOUS LETTER FROM HIM.

THE country to the north-east of Balaklava was reconnoitred by the Allies on several occasions, and the village of Kamara a few miles distant was completely destroyed. In the latter part of December the French, accompanied by a detatchment of the Highlanders, swept across the Tchernaya in great force, without meeting any considerable opposition. A few Cossacks and lances were stationed at different points, but they gave way, and little fighting took place. The huts of the Cossacks were burned, and a drove of cattle captured.

The village of Kamara contained a Greek church, from which several rude specimens of painting were obtained.

The Crimean villages are usually small, and located quite near to each other. A government road very well made, for ordinary times, connects them, but there are few branch or cross roads. The road leading from Sevastopol to Balaklava was in capital order when the Allies arrived. It was however, soon torn to pieces by the transportation of the heavy guns (9,500 lbs. weight each) drawn up to the batteries in large numbers, in the month of October.

The houses in the villages that I visited were mostly small and unpretending, built of rough stone, and covered with a good coating of white cement or mastic. They are seldom over one story in height, and always long and rather narrow, with projecting roofs, nearly flat (Swiss cottage style); the windows numerous, but inconveniently small. The best houses have wide piazzas, extending all across the front, which are frequently enclosed with glass. The interior walls are plastered in a workmanlike manner; the ceilings well made, of pine or similar wood; the doors, sashes and trimmings of the same, and seldom, if ever, painted. The churches are tasteful, with neat spires, and to see them, apart from the surrounding buildings, one might fancy himself roaming among the quiet towns of a New England State.

The Crimean wheat is an indifferent article,

though much of it has in past years been sent to England. Rye has been grown to a large extent for home consumption; Indian corn to a slight extent only, for private use. Peas, apples, peaches, plums, cherries and apricots, indeed all European fruits are said to thrive. Strawberries grow in the woods! Vineyards abound every where, I noticed their ruins in every valley embraced within the encampment. As before intimated, the grapes were just ripe when the armies arrived in September. They are mostly of the large white variety. I contrived to bring a number of slips home with me, but I fear they lost their vitality before I was able to place them in a position to vegetate.

The land throughout the Crimea, or the southernmost portion of it at least, is undulating—many of the hills being both rocky and precipitous: the valleys and plains as the list of products would indicate, are exceedingly fertile: the soil rich and moist, is admirable for gardening purposes.

On the coast, east of Balaklava, we find the magnificent country residence of Prince Woronzoff, formerly governor of southern Russia, whose family is closely related to several of the oldest and most aristocratic houses of England. The authoress of the little book entitled "The Crimea" to which I have before refer-

red, tells us that "Aloupka the seat of Prince Woronzoff stands in solemn grandeur; and the sight of it, in the distance, somewhat reminded me of home; but on approaching nearer, its green granite walls, its orange and myrtle groves, and its clusters of dark cypresses tell of a warmer sun than we are favored with in Old England.

"The house is built in a castellated style, with numerous turrets, and is laid out to accommodate an immense number of visitors. There is an extensive library, and a large hall in the style of the Moorish Alhambra. Exotic plants of all kinds fill the halls and covered galleries, making it really like a fairy-land. Terraces and shady walks lead down to the sea, where a neat little pavilion for the accommodation of bathers has recently been built. Above the house is a garden, unique of its kind, combining within its limits grottoes, caverns, the crater of an extinct volcano, and huge grotesquely-shaped masses of rock, interspersed with fountains, cascades, artificial ponds, beds of flowers, and numerous shady walks and arbors. When the Count retreats to this, his favorite residence, to rest from his labors at the Caucasus, he assembles a large party of friends, at Aloupka, who spend the day very pleasantly in roaming about the gardens, or driving in the neighborhood; while the evenings are

usually spent in dancing, to the music of a large band of musicians, who are always in attendance.

"The green-colored granite of which this castle is built, is very plentiful all along the coast; and where there are enclosures, which is not a common thing, they are made of huge blocks of this material piled one upon another; even the road is constructed with it."

It was reported that Prince Menschikoff, the commander of the Russian forces, had an elegant mansion, partially built, somewhere in the vicinity of Aloupka.

It is a neighborhood resorted to by the fashionables, even from so great a distance as St. Petersburgh.

Mr. Oliphant says:—

"It is not long since the Crimea became a fashionable resort among Russian nobility. Prince Woronzoff was the first to set the example, which has been followed by the Emperor, and the wealthiest members of the aristocracy. The estates of the latter, lying for the most part between Alushta and Aloupka, along the narrow strip of coast, are charmingly diversified by the valleys which traverse them; while they are sheltered from the north winds by the high range of calcareous cliffs, to the existence of which the extraordinary fertility of this part of the peninsula is mainly attributable. It is only recently that any ad-

vantage has been taken of this prolific soil. Till within a short period, the few vineyards which existed were situated on the northern slopes of the Tauric chain, and in Soudagh and the neighboring valleys. Owing to the energetic exertions of Prince Woronzoff, and in spite of the difficulties which always accompany experimental enterprises of this nature, wonderful advances have been made in the cultivation of the vine Within the last ten years, however, the statistical reports show very little increase in the amount of wine exported from the Crimea. This arises probably from the difficulty of finding a market for wines of an inferior quality, which the Crimean wines undoubtedly are, notwithstanding the high-sounding names with which they are dignified. The present value of wine sold annually amounts to 500,000 roubles, or about twice the revenue derived from the vineyards in the country of the Don Cossacks."

Simpheropol, the capital of the Crimea, is in the interior to the north of Balaklava some thirty-two miles. It contains the residence of the Governor, and is the seat of the Government offices and tribunals. Its population is considerably less than that of Sevastopol. It is supposed that the Russian forces have drawn the greater portion of their provisions from Simpheropol and its vicinity.

Eupatoria, where the Turks made such a brave resistance a short time since, is the first sizable town to the north of Sevastopol. It is located immediately upon the sea, but has a very exposed and shallow harbor, and is a port of little importance.

The river Alma runs between Eupatoria and Sevastopol. At the battle of the Alma, the Allied armies were landed on the beach at the mouth of the river in small boats, and encountered the enemy directly. It was a hotly-contested fight, and resulted, as the world knows, in the complete defeat of the Czar's troops.

Going farther, we come to Perekop,* a place of

* Perekop is inhabited chiefly by Government *employés* and those connected with the salt lakes in the neighborhood. The village is entered from the mainland by a bridge, which crosses a wide and deep ditch cut across the isthmus. It is this ditch which has probably given its name to the isthmus—Perekop, in the Russian language, signifying a ditch cut across the road, or between two seas.

The principal entrance to the Crimea is by this isthmus, which separates the Black Sea from the Putrid Sea, and is about seventeen miles in length, and five in breadth; but there is still another, which is now very much used along the tongue of Arabat. This narrow strip of land, seventy miles in length, which runs between the Sivash, or Putrid Sea, and the Sea of Azof, is separated from the mainland at the northern extremity by a narrow channel. There are several post stations along this road; and at the southern extremity, where it is joined to the mainland, stands a fortress, which is in a very ruinous state. Not many years ago a bridge was constructed to complete the com-

which there has been an incessant talk since the commencement of the campaign. If we measure the distance in a direct line, we find it to be one hundred and two miles from Balaklava, and exactly north.

It was supposed by many that the Allies would have made the possession of the Isthmus of Perekop the object of their first attention, commanding, as it does, the chief entrance to the Crimea from the mainland.

Kertch is a well-built town of considerable importance, located on the west side of the Straits of Kertch or Yenikale (Cimmerian Bosphorus), leading from the Black Sea to the Sea of Azof. It contains from ten to twelve thousand inhabitants, and presents more to interest the antiquarian, than any town in South Russia. The buckwheat of Kertch gained the prize at the world's fair at Hyde Park, London.

Kertch is about one hundred and thirty-three miles from Balaklava, in a direction slightly north of east.

Arabat, a small town, built on the sandy beach to the west of Kertch, and between the Sea of Azof and the Sivash, or Putrid Sea. It is about ninety-five miles from Balaklava.

munication between the Russian mainland and the Crimea; and by this bridge the chief intercourse between the eastern part of the Crimea and Russia is now carried on.—*The Crimea.*

The Sea, or Lake of Azof, is shallow, and the water slimy and unpleasant. Mr. Oliphant thus refers to an excursion through the southern portion: "For four days we went edging on through the thick pea-soupy substance of which the water seems composed, literally ploughing our way through the scum, and passing over every conceivable shade of green and yellow—for the Sea of Azof can never be accused of being blue. Still and turgid, in no part attaining a depth of more than thirty-two feet, the ancients appreciated its true character more correctly than we do, when they called it a marsh. We were occasionally left sticking in this delectable pond by the light variable airs which seemed to delight in baffling us; and we had nothing but cloudless days and moonlight nights, to compensate for so monotonous an existence. We were generally surrounded by country craft, in company with which we glided lazily on, while occasionally the white sails flapped idly against the tapering masts of some English merchantman. How many phases has commerce passed through upon these waters, since the first Milesian fishing-stations were established upon their shores, and exported sturgeon to Greek gourmands, when Tanis was looked upon as an *Ultima Thule*, so little known, that its very existence is now almost doubtful. Many centuries

after its destruction, Venetian, Genoese, and Pisan galliots sailed side by side through the Cimmerian Bosphorus, freighted with the rich merchandise of the east, while colonists of the rival republics competed upon the banks of the Don, for the monopoly of trade with the celebrated Golden Horde, who were in direct communication with Samarcand. These flourishing colonies in their turn disappeared, and now for three hundred years, an occasional Turkish xebec was the only craft that crossed the sea to Azof, a fortress built on the ruins of Tana, and perhaps of Tanis.

At last a new power succeeded all of these, and trade revived under circumstances altogether changed, owing its importance, not to the wealth of the east, but to the resources of the country surrounding this sea; so that vessels which traverse it now are no longer freighted with silk from China, but with corn from Taurida; and it is worthy of remark that, while the English have succeeded Greeks and Italians in monopolizing, by a different route, their old eastern trade, their ships also navigate in greater numbers than those of any nation, the once famous Palus Mæotis."

No less than one thousand trading vessels entered the Straits of Kertch in the year 1851.

Kaffa, or Theodosia, is situated on the bay of Kaffa, facing the Black Sea, about eighty miles east of Bal-

aklava. While in possession of the Genoese it was called Krim Stamboul, or the Constantinople of the Crimea.

There is always a large supply of grain at Theodosia for exportation. The harbor next to those of Sevastopol and Balaklava, is thought to be the best in the Crimea, but for some reason the principal trade is diverted to Kertch, where there is no good anchorage, and the straits are frozen for three or four months in the year. Tavanrog, Azof, Marioupol, and other considerable towns, are located at or near the head of the Sea of Azof.

The following letter from John Howard, the great philanthropist, was recently published in the *London Morning Chronicle.* It is probably the last letter that was ever written by that distinguished man, and was addressed to his friend Mr. Whitbread. It was written from Cherson, where Howard was visiting the Russian hospitals for the wounded, soon after the Empress Catherine had obtained possession of the Crimea. It will be read with deep interest, not merely as exhibiting some remarkable characteristics of Howard, but as referring to scenes and circumstances to which passing events give an especial interest :—

CHERSON, in Tartary, *Nov.* 14*th*, 1789.

DEAR SIR,—I wrote to you on my arrival at Moscow, on the first, and—permit me to say—constant impression of your kind-

ness. I also wrote to you about a fortnight after, informing you of my intention to visit the army and navy hospitals towards the Black Sea. I was somewhat sensible of the dangers I had to encounter, and the hardships I had to endure, in a journey of thirteen or fourteen hundred miles with only my servant. I went on pretty well till on the borders of Tartary; when, as I depended on my patent chain, my great trunk and hat-box were cut off from behind my chaise. It was midnight, and both of us, having travelled four nights, were fast asleep. However, we soon discovered it, and having soon recovered the shock I went back directly to the suspected house and ran in among ten or twelve of the banditti. At break of day I had some secured and search made. My hat-box was found, but my great trunk I almost despaired of, though I stayed before the door in my chaise two days. Providentially the fourth day it was found by a peasant. The brass nails glistened in a part where the oil skin was worn. His oxen would not go on; he beat them, but they would not go on; he then saw something, but durst not approach till another peasant came up, when, after signing themselves with the cross, they went up to it and carried it directly to the magistrate of the village. He sent after me to a town about eighty miles off, where I was to stay two or three days, and I returned. I found by my inventory that not a single handkerchief was lost, and they missed about a hundred guineas in a paper in the middle of the trunk. My return stunned them, all would have been moved off before light. I have broken the band; four will go into ———. I am well; my clothes and bedding I think warmer since I got them out of the fire. I saw some other travellers who were robbed and had lost their money and goods on the road.

Thomas (his servant) showed me his marketing. A quarter of lamb that he said would cost 5s. he had paid 7½d. for. My marketing is a good melon for 5 farthings, which supplies my English luxury of currants with my bread and tea. I have visited the hopital here in which there are about 800 sick recruits. I have this week been only about forty miles, for between ——, a deserted town, and Otschakow, lies the army hospital. There I stayed two or three days, as I found about 2,000 sick and wounded. They are dreadfully neglected. A heart of stone would almost bleed. I am a spy, a sad spy on them, and they all fear me. The abuses of office are glaring, and I want not courage to tell them so.

I have just received your kind letter from Warsaw. I read it over and over again with fresh pleasure. I exult in the happiness and prosperity of your house, and that my young friend likes Cardington.

I shall be moving for the navy hospital at Sevastopol, in the south of the Crimea, about the end of the year, and I hope by some means to be at Constantinople the beginning of March.

The wild Cossacks, who live under ground in the Crimea, must look sharp if they rob me, as I will not go to sleep any night on the road, and I am well armed. I am persuaded no hurry or fear will be on my mind. My journey I still think will engage me for three years, and as I have a year's work in England, I think little of Cardington.

The land for several hundred miles is the finest garden mould, not a stone mixed with it, nor a single tree, nor any inhabitants. A person may have any quantity for ten years, and after that by paying the empress fifteen roubles (about one guinea and three quarters) a year. Fine haystacks a person showed me—two

thirds he took, and one third he gave the Empress, but no rent. He said he had bought fine meat for less than one halfpenny a pound before the army came into this country.

I shall (I understand) take possession of some poor Turk's deserted house in the Crimea for two months. As I am well informed, there was double the number of inhabitants in the capital than there are now in all that fine country. The cruelty of the Russians forced 100,000 to quit this country. Great things are expected on the great St. Nicholas's Day (next month). He is the patron saint of this country, who assisted them in destroying four or five thousand men, women, and children, at Otschakow last year on this day. But as our trades are different, I wish to have no further acquaintance with that saint.

Though ever wishing to be with my affectionate friend,

JOHN HOWARD.

SAMUEL WHITBREAD, Esq, M. P.

CHAPTER XVI.

WOODEN HUTS FOR THE TROOPS.—THEIR DIMENSIONS.—LABOR OF THEIR TRANSPORTATION FROM THE HARBOR.—EXTRAORDINARY WANT OF "COMMON SENSE."—LORD RAGLAN.—COMMISSARIAT, QUARTERMASTER'S AND MEDICAL DEPARTMENTS.—THE GENERAL MISMANAGEMENT.—ALLEVIATING CIRCUMSTANCES.—SURPRISE AT THE AMERICAN FEELING.

WHEN it was surmised that a winter campaign before Sevastopol would be inevitable, orders were sent to England for the preparation of a large number of wooden houses or huts for the use of the troops, the tents being altogether too frail for winter habitation. Unfortunately these anxiously looked-for tenements did not begin to arrive until the middle of January, when the severe weather had given way to a spring-like temperature. They were gladly welcomed, however, as promising much better protection from the heavy rains and scathing winds than the fragile canvas, and numbers were speedily erected in the Highland and other camps near to Balaklava, as well as

upon several streets in the village, and particularly to increase the hospital accommodations.

The hut or barrack of which the following cut is a correct representation, was entered by a single door, with a window above, and two sliding windows at the other end for light and ventilation. The roof, sides,



and ends, were made water-tight by a system of close boarding, and the nailing of narrow battens over the joints. The roof was covered with black felt. Each hut measured twenty-eight feet long by sixteen feet wide, and was intended to lodge twenty-five men. It required sixty horses, or one hundred and fifty men, to convey the materials of a single hut from the harbor to the camp. A man could scarcely manage to make any progress through the deep mud even with one plank on his shoulder.

The vessels containing the huts made an extensive addition to the mass of shipping already in the harbor. They were chiefly iron screw steamers, long,

low, narrow, and of small tonnage, built for the colliery trade on the north British coast, and illy suited to make agreeable headway in the chopping and uncertain Mediterranean. Their captains, sturdy Northmen, were among the most speculative and keen fellows that I met in the Crimea.

The labor of transporting the huts utterly prevented their enjoyment in the divisions nearest to Sevastopol, which, throughout the winter had borne the major portion of the suffering and privations. But the inexplicable want of forethought evinced in the preparation of such cumbersome affairs, met its parallel in innumerable instances of the most culpable indifference and inattention, displayed in connection with the conduct of the whole expedition, so far as the English were concerned. Ships were allowed to leave the harbor with cargoes sadly needed throughout the camp, because forsooth no one thought it his particular duty to attend to their discharge. The sick and wounded were thrown into ships wholly unfitted for their reception or comfort, with the simple consolation that no one was willing to order their proper preparation. Quantities of much needed goods and provisions were wasting in the storehouses because no one would authorize their distribution. Were I to repeat all of the instances of astounding negligence to

which I was personally cognizant, and of which I received well-authenticated information, I might compile a volume of unusual magnitude ;—a report fit only to compare in extent with that which we may expect at the termination of the promised labors of Mr. Roebuck's Committee of Inquiry, or a compilation of the startling letters of Mr. Russell, the indefatigable correspondent of the *London Times*, to whose awakening details of the actual and horrifying condition of the army, that famous committee owes its origin ; and to whom the army as well as the British public, will be chiefly indebted for any beneficial results accruing from its careful investigation.

Never did I sit down to breakfast, dinner, tea or lunch on shipboard or throughout the camp, when the conversation of my companions did not turn upon the miserable state of affairs, arising from a degree of official mismanagement, so palpable as to surprise the most casual observer ; and never have I listened to such powerful denunciatory epithets as were constantly showered upon Lord Raglan, the inefficient members of his staff, and the officers of the quarter-master's, medical, and commissariat departments. The chief of the latter branch of the service would have been hung every twenty-four hours, if the open and seriously

expressed desire of scores of the officers and men could have been realized.

Lord Raglan received the most unmeasured condemnation, as it was presumed that there was ample power invested in his hands to rectify the more prominent and many of the lesser difficulties. His judgment in hesitating to proceed to an assault upon Sevastopol immediately after the brilliant success at the Alma, while the men were fresh, and comparatively hearty, and the now illustrious city presented fortifications far less formidable, was subject to much question.

A deficiency in the exercise of that ever valuable faculty "common sense," marked the movements of very many of those high in control, even at times of the greatest exigency; and invariably wrangling one with another, and totally neglectful of the earnest appeals for preservation constantly sounding upon their ears, they allowed as fine an army as ever marched forth to battle, to be reduced in less than a twelvemonth, to a mere handful of enervated and disheartened men. With a government boastedly able, and certainly prompt to supply every thing asked for, it is marvellously strange that such a result should have to be chronicled.

That the preference given to wealth and rank over

ability and experience in the appointment of officers in the army, had much to do with the disastrous confusion was beyond all denial, though it must be acknowledged that many of the most heroic achievements recorded throughout the campaign, have been accredited to representatives of highly aristocratic families. The blood of many a nobleman in name and reality saturates the Crimean soil.

Notwithstanding the old and oft-repeated axiom, "In time of peace prepare for war," a protracted peace had materially contributed to disqualify the forces for actual, tedious, and difficult warfare in a foreign land.

Adding to this and the other opposing influences to which I have briefly alluded, a culpable ignorance of the military power of Russia on the part of the ministry, and the army; and the remoteness of the Crimea from England, as well as its severe climate, we have several reasonable points on which to anticipate much delay, much inconvenience, and much difficulty; but nothing to satisfactorily explain the unexampled confusion and misery pervading the camp; and the thousands of victims to shameful negligence will rise up in judgment against the now hidden, but then detected authors of their sufferings.

It was a general source of wonderment throughout

the camp, that the people of the United States could for a moment extend their republican sympathies toward the position of Russia. It required but little discernment to notice that an offer of material aid from our country would be gladly accepted. "I wish that we had ten thousand of your wide awake Kentucky riflemen," said Captain M——. "I fancy that their sharpshooting would do us some good just at present."

I was somewhat surprised that none of our enterprising military officers had found their way to the camp, for the purpose of examining the extensive works, and studying the peculiarities of the greatest military siege known in modern times.

CHAPTER XVII.

RETURN TO CONSTANTINOPLE.—CAPTAIN CHRISTIE.—THE STEAMER "GOLDEN FLEECE."—GETTING OUT OF THE HARBOR.—PASSENGERS.—TWO LADIES.—VISITS TO THE FORWARD CABIN.—THE SICK AND DYING.—RUDE ORDERLIES.—INDIFFERENT SURGEONS.—TRACTS.—A DEATH AND BURIAL.—A WOUNDED MAN'S REGARD FOR HIS MOTHER.—THE VOYAGE.—SUNSHINE.—COMING TO ANCHOR.—SCUTARI AND SMYRNA.

HAVING, after a sojourn of six weeks, succeeded in acquiring a satisfactory familiarity with the camp, and the peculiarities of the siege, etc., etc., and there being no immediate prospect of the reduction of the long-battered city, the heavy guns sending forth the same monotonous roar day after day, I determined to return to Constantinople. Several transport steamers were announced to go at the time which I had chosen for my departure, and on application to Captain Christie, through his gentlemanly secretary, Mr. Pritchard, I was promptly furnished with an order for passage upon any vessel that I might select. I preferred the Golden Fleece, a beautiful iron screw steamer of 2,500 tons burden, constructed for the service of

the long-established and wealthy Peninsular and Oriental (or, in commercial brevity, the P. & O.) Company. Her engines were small (though she carried us to Scutari in less than forty hours), her chief dependence being upon her canvas; her spars something in the clipper-ship style. The Golden Fleece, the Jason, the Nubia, the Cleopatra, the Charity, the Simla, and other of the noble propellers frequently in the harbor, belong to a class of merchant vessels but recently appreciated, and destined to become widely popular, from their superior qualifications for the merchant service.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon, when, by dint of great care and tedious tugging, our officers succeeded in getting the ship fairly out of the entangled fleet of transport craft, and put her head to the sea. Captain Powell, R. N., to whom I have before alluded, had charge of her until we were out of the harbor, when the engines were stopped, and, entering his well-manned gig, he soon regained the shore.

After taking a final look at the rocky coast, and the lofty Cape Aia, and amusing myself for a few moments with the farewell exclamations of several military gentlemen, originally from Erin, who were so much elated at the thought of getting away from the

camp, that they could scarcely contain themselves, I turned to decipher my cabin companions. With a few exceptions they were all from the army. Several had been wounded, and were booked for Scutari; others were suffering from disease, and destined for the same grand but uninviting retreat; others were on furlough, and anxious for recreation and rest at Constantinople; while a few, the envied of all, were looking toward Old England with the hope of being "home again" at an early day. We were honored with the presence of two ladies, a great luxury in a part of the world so mournfully destitute of female society. But Old Ocean rudely deprived us of their company during the entire voyage. They were the mother and sister of an officer of Lord Cardigan's brave hussars, and had been in the camp for a few days.

The spacious saloon, or chief cabin of the Golden Fleece, contained every comfort found in a first-class English steamer. The large-sized stove, always brimful of blazing coals, proved extremely agreeable, for the weather was chill and raw. We gathered around it, the wounded, sick, and well, and the conversation grew familiar and interesting. Each one had at his tongue's end an interesting variety of thrilling incidents, illustrative of his experience in camp and siege life; and if there was a difference of opinion upon the

management of the campaign, there was a decided union in the denunciation of the execrable tendencies of war.

My state-room was large, and had it been at a respectful distance from the stern, and the consequent and incessant turmoil of the whirling screw, I should have slept as soundly as though upon land, notwithstanding the steward's consoling information, that the sheets and pillow-cases had all been "used up."

I frequently went to the forward decks to see our great cargo of sufferers (some four hundred in all) from the private ranks. They completely filled two extensive cabins, originally intended for steerage passengers. The berths were crowded and inconvenient, the bedding scanty and painfully insufficient. A blanket to lie on and one to throw over him, being the entire allowance of each man. I thought that the language of the prophet Isaiah could be applied with great propriety. "The bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it; and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it."

As I passed by the long ranges of berths or bunks, I was repeatedly entreated for one thing and another; "Please let me have a cup of tea!" was the earnest petition of a frail man whose depressed countenance betokened the severity of his disease. "Could I get

a little broth ?" said another, whose condition seemed improving. There were many faces on which the seal of death was distinctly visible, and I was rather surprised than otherwise, to find that we had but six deaths on the voyage.

Of the many deeply affecting scenes to which I was witness, none was more impressive than the following: One of the most weak and weary of the sufferers, requested an English clergyman who chanced to be on board, to administer the sacrament to him. The request was cheerfully complied with, and many words of Christian consolation fell from the good man's lips. I accompanied him on subsequent visits, and the patient lingered in intense agony of body, though somewhat comforted in mind. We left him at a late hour one evening, and it was only with the most serious apprehensions that we approached his berth on the following morning. He still lived, but we could discover no abatement in his fearful disease. Indeed, apparently conscious of his approaching dissolution, his shattered voice with tremulous emotion ejaculated a fervent prayer to God. "Oh, save me! Save me! Oh, Jesus, save me!" Then an annoying vision of the battle field seemed to flash upon his fainting memory, and he would confusedly cry, "Oh, war, dreadful, dreadful war!" While we stood awed at the thought

of his nearnes to the Eternal Presence, his sunken eye lost its remaining brightness, his withered lip ceased to quiver, his hand grew icy, and when the evening twilight came, they wrapped his poor worn body in a soft white blanket, and silently consigned it to the peaceful bosom of the dark waved ocean.

We had comparatively few wounded men in our company. A bright young fellow had lost a portion of one hand, from a rifle ball, which he told me struck him just as he was loading his own "Minnie" for a shot at a Russian guard. The serious mutilation seemed to affect him much less than the tenderly expressed fear that the news of the misfortune might worry his aged mother, whom he had left to join the army but a few months before. He was a noble-hearted fellow, and I felt sorry that the mother of such a son should have ever been called to part with him.

Those of the men who were able to read were greatly interested in several good books which the clergyman kindly loaned them, as well as in a few tracts "for soldiers" which I had retained from a supply procured before leaving Constantinople.

Although the ordinary arrangements were made for ventilation, the effluvia 'tween decks was stifling, and the surgeons and attendants were frequently seen running to the hatchways for a breath of fresh air.

The doctors (three in number) were with one exception fresh graduates, and they appeared shamefully reluctant to administer to the necessities of their charge. The brace of juniors would sometimes parley a half hour in deciding which should commence the disagreeable task of going the rounds, and often when the rude Irish orderlies (certainly among the most disorderly fellows that I ever encountered) came aft to announce the alarming illness of a patient, instead of hastening to aid the sufferer, and acquaint themselves with his particular symptoms, they coolly authorized the orderlies to administer doses of medicine, even the most powerful and dangerous in their nature.

It was fortunate for the sick, that several boxes of excellent oranges had been supplied for their use by the agent of some thoughtful friends who had sent out a beautiful yacht loaded down with delicacies. The sweet juicy fruit proved cooling to the parched lips and feverish blood.

The sea was happily very smooth, or there must have been a great increase of suffering, as the floors of both decks were literally carpeted with groaning men. Such a cruel packing of the weak and helpless could have received the approval of no humane authority.

The sun peered forth in gorgeous brilliancy on the

lovely morning when we anchored opposite the Scutari landing, and scarcely a ripple could be seen on the fair face of the deep glistening waters.

It was thought that a portion of the sick would have to be taken to the new hospital at Smyrna (then just established), as the accommodations at Scutari were nearly exhausted.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A VISIT TO THE GREAT FRENCH HOSPITAL AT PERA.—EXTENSIVE BUILDING.—BEAUTIFUL LOCATION.—TURKISH PORTERS.—CAST OFF EQUIPMENTS OF WAR.—PILES OF WOOD.—STOVES AND STOVE-PIPE.—A COCKNEY'S DISLIKE TO CONSTANTINOPLE.—THE "SALOONS."—THE SICK.—THE KITCHEN.—DELICACIES.—EXCELLENT ARRANGEMENTS.

At an early period in the campaign the French had established commodious hospitals at Pera, a district of Constantinople.

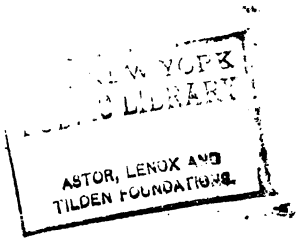
With my friend Righter and M. Costabeld, a Waldensian colporteur laboring among the French soldiers, I devoted an afternoon to an examination of the principal one located near the *Grand champs des mort*, on the high ground back of the Sultan's new and gorgeous palace.

Having no connection with the army, we anticipated that our entrance would be opposed. It was, but upon personal application to one of the directors, M. Costabeld was promptly granted the desired permission. The building presenting such a comfortable retreat for the sick and wounded victims of war, was





ZOUAVES.


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erected for a Turkish military school. It was built of wood, four stories in height, and very commodious. I should imagine full one third larger than the spacious Merchants' Exchange in this city.

Occupying a position of great prominence, upon an elevation overlooking the lovely Bosphorus and its adjacent waters, together with the attractive landscape for many miles around, its appearance was imposing and inviting.

At the main and spacious entrance way, through which a very large omnibus might readily pass, we encountered a gang of Turkish porters engaged in carrying in beds and other articles appropriate to the premises. A number of French convalescents were similarly occupied, and their sprightly movements contrasted strikingly with those of the ever slow-and-easy followers of the Prophet.

At the right of the passage-way, we paused to examine a mammoth pile of well-worn knapsacks, belts, swords, muskets, bayonets, and other martial equipments, there deposited by the warriors upon the unhappy hour of their surrender to the potent arm of that worst of czars—"disease," or when consigned to a tedious siege with a shattered limb. As my eye wearied in the attempt to enumerate the mass of articles, my mind fondly fancied in the sight an ink-

ling of the promised heavenly day, when wars shall be known no more, and all men shall be content to pursue the paths of inoffensive and righteous existence.

In a great square court, or yard, to which our way soon brought us, and around which the wings of the huge building were ranged, we passed several piles of substantial looking fire-wood, the sight of which naturally reminded us of other days and country homes in the wide Western world. Large and well-regulated stoves were stationed in every room throughout the hospital. The long black, rusty pipes piercing through the windows, and shooting their dense smoke skywards, gave the building an external aspect thoroughly European, civilized and enlightened; in other words, not at all Turkish. A cockney once told me, that his chief objection to Constantinople was that the houses were without chimneys, stoves, or fire-places. Important appointments, certainly, to be absent in mid-winter.

Upon the first, or main "saloon" (as each apartment is termed), we found a number of men at work in the erection of bedsteads, a large supply of which had recently arrived from France. They were made in sections, and could be arranged for service at a moment's notice. In a store-room near by, we saw

hundreds of them yet in the packages in which they were shipped.

Passing a very long saloon, as yet unoccupied, we came to the first of the sick, and slowly commenced our tour through the great avenues, some twenty in all, located upon four floors, and each over two hundred feet in length, except a few situated in the upper story, which were somewhat smaller. Two rows of beds, with their heads to the walls, lined each room, a space of about four feet being left between each. The windows opening upon the court-yard, being numerous and large, abundant light and air could be admitted to the saloons whenever required. The bedding looked soft, warm, and clean; and the atmosphere of every room was both mild and pure, the ventilation being very carefully looked after. Each patient had his number posted upon the head of his couch; and a large card, fastened in the same position, announced his name, regiment, disease, date of hospital entry, age, religious preference, etc. At the head and foot of each bedstead, a narrow shelf, resting upon the top of the posts, contained the plates, cups, spoons, medicines, and other necessaries for the use of its occupant. Nothing could be more conveniently arranged. The blankets were so fastened as to entirely protect the lower end of the bed,

so that the patient could by no means suffer from the current of air often felt from the slipping to and fro of the cover.

The floors were scrupulously clean; and an air of quiet ease and comfort reigned as triumphantly as in any hospital that I remember to have seen either in London or New York. The patients were, many of them, very young, and nearly all very sick. There were the representatives of many regiments; and, among the number, several of the famous Zouaves, who, with all of their experience and endurance, are not always exempt from the power of disease. Two or three of them were as black as Virginia negroes; and there are not a few such in the ranks. The wounded men were not at all numerous; and those that we saw appeared to be doing well. In one or two instances we saw the surgeons engaged in dressing severe and aggravated wounds; and the care and skill which they exhibited won our hearty admiration.

Having walked through all of the saloons, and ascended to the top of the fine cupola of the building, where we obtained a superb view of the country, near and distant, we made a descent into the kitchen and general cooking halls upon the ground floor. We found ourselves in the midst of a chattering throng of busy men, all in their shirt sleeves. They were the

cooks, the waiters, the washers, and the porters of the establishment, an hundred or upwards of quick-moving Frenchmen, evidently in the best possible humor with themselves and every body else. They were carelessly grouped in a wide hall, about the entrance to their respective quarters (apparently waiting for a general order for dinner), and, as we advanced, they gave way with real French politeness.

We saw a deal of scientific cookery going on, such as would have been well received in Paris, or made honorable mention of by the great culinary artisan of London, M. Soyer, whose ingenuity, experience and skill, are now enjoyed at Scutari. Exquisite jellies, delicate tarts, and a score of other light and tasteful preparations were forthcoming, with a readiness and amplitude exceedingly grateful to the poor fellows so long doomed to the hard, and necessarily monotonous fare of the camp.

As we passed from the building we saw a number of rough, square pine coffins, lying by the gateway. They were probably intended for deceased officers, and at a little distance we saw the cumberous "dead-cart" coming for its daily portion; for despite the advantages of skill and care here displayed, many were the victims to the ever-pointed lance of the fell destroyer.

I need hardly say, that we united in acknowledging the chief of the French military hospitals in the East, one of the most complete establishments of its kind that we had ever visited. Its rapid organization, and admirable management reflected the highest credit upon its able and intelligent directors, the French Government, and the French character.

There appeared to be neither a lack or superabundance of system, but, as though guided by a single powerful hand, every thing progressed regularly, and in order. How widely different was the state of affairs in the English army hospitals, at the same date.

It was said that the French hospitals, some ten in all, contained no less than fifteen thousand patients. They were all well cared for, and deaths were not nearly so numerous as in the English establishments.

CHAPTER XIX.

VISIT TO THE ENGLISH HOSPITALS AT SCUTARI.—THE FERRY.—THE MAIDEN'S TOWER.—LEGENDS.—SCUTARI.—THE STREETS.—INDUSTRY.—THE GREAT CEMETERY.—THE BARRACK HOSPITAL.—MR. AND MRS. BRACEBRIDGE.—CORRESPONDENCE.—MISS NIGHTINGALE.—HON. AND REV. SIDNEY G. OSBORNE.—CONDITION OF THE SICK AND WOUNDED.

> "A lazar-house it seem'd, wherein were laid
> Numbers of all diseas'd, all maladies
> Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms
> Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,
> Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs."
>
> MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

DR. DWIGHT, the justly distinguished American missionary so long resident in the East, and several other esteemed friends, accompanied me to the great army hospitals established by the English at Scutari, opposite Constantinople, and just at the mouth of the Sea of Marmora. The wind was rather high, and we had anticipated going by the ferry steamer; but, mistaking her time of departure, were obliged to resort to a caique. There are very many days when it is abso-

lutely impracticable for a small boat to attempt to ride the lashing waves, and but for the convenience of the steamer referred to, which makes several trips a day, all communication would at times have to be suspended.

After a deal of bargaining, we found two strong-armed oarsmen who agreed to take us across in their elegant caique for the sum of eighteen piastres, about sixty-four cents. The ordinary charge is from five to ten piastres, but the slightest intimation of a strong wind or heavy swell insures an addition of from fifty to a hundred per cent. The Turks are not slow to acquire the speculative improvement of any opportunity whatsoever.

Our boat, a beautiful specimen of the singularly unique and elegant class for which the harbor of Constantinople has long been renowned, sped through the restless waters with an arrowy velocity. As we approached the Asiatic shore, we passed "Leander's," or "the Maiden's tower," sometimes used as a light-house, and in connection with which several legends have long been recorded. By one we are told that a certain Sultan had a fair daughter, the only child which had been vouchsafed to him by the Prophet, and on whom his heart was anchored as on his best hope. Beautiful as a Houri, graceful as a Peri, and gay as

the summer wind when it sweeps over the rose garden of Nishapor, the girl was growing into womanhood, when the anxious father consulted a celebrated astrologer on her future destiny: who, after having carefully turned over the parti-colored pages of the mysterious volume of human fate, uttered the frightful prophecy, that, in her eighteenth year, she was to become the prey of a serpent.

Horror-stricken at so dreadful a denunciation, the agonized Sultan caused the erection of the Guz-couli, or Maiden's Tower, wherein he immured his lovely daughter; in order, by thus cutting her off from the very earth, until the fateful period should be overpast, to remove even the possibility of the threatened calamity.

"But," continues the legend, "who can war against his *kismet*? * Who can control his *felech*? † What is written is written; and the pages of the future had been read." Death came to the princess in a case of fresh figs from Smyrna, in which a small asp had been concealed; and, on her eighteenth birthday, she was found lying dead upon her sofa, with the fruit beside her; and the reptile, like that which poisoned the crimson tide in the veins of the imperial

* Fate. † Constellation.

Cleopatra, lying gorged and loathsome upon her bosom!

Another tradition says, that a young Persian prince, whose curiosity had been aroused by the marvellous whisperings around him of the matchless beauty of the imprisoned fair one, ventured to row his caique by night, beneath the very walls of the Guz-couli; and contriving an interview with the captive, won her heart, and, by means of a silken cord, and strong arm, carried her off at the very crisis of her fate!

In half an hour, or thereabouts, we had completed the distance to the regular Scutari landing (there is a separate one for the hospitals), from two to three miles from Top-Hana, our starting point.

Scutari is a large and thickly-populated village or city, the Jersey City of Constantinople. Many of its streets are of a liberal width, and quite regular and clean, when compared with those of Stamboul, Galeta, or Top-Hana, the metropolitan districts of the city of the Sultan.

We passed a great variety of shops and manufactories, all conducted on a small scale compared with those of England or the United States, but sufficiently extensive to afford us a favorable evidence of Oriental industry. The sharp clink of the sooty blacksmith's

hammer, and the rapid whirl of the turner's busy wheel, mingled in confusion far more pleasant to the ear than that of the cannon's roar, the crack of the rifle, or the shrill echo of the warning bugle. The din of war is harsh indeed, when compared with the melody of peaceful industry.

We were not long in reaching the great cemetery of Scutari, one of the largest in the world.

> "————the place of thousand tombs
> That shine beneath, while dark above
> The sad but living cypress glooms
> And withers not, though branch and leaf
> Are stamped with an eternal grief,
> Like early unrequited love."

Its narrow, intersecting avenues, its countless headstones, crowding one another on every side, and the deep shade of the dark cypress foliage, impress this vast city of the dead with an aspect solemn and suggestive. We wound our way across it, meeting now and then a meditative Turk, but all was still and lonely as in the untrodden forests of our great Western wilds.—Truly the Moslem buried here enjoys a quiet grave.

Entering a wide road or street with a well-paved wagon track in the centre, we soon came to the large white stone barrack building, now known as the Bar-

nack Hospital. Like most of the Turkish public buildings it is of an immense size, of a quadrangular form, built around a large open court, with a high tower at either end. Long stovepipes projected from the numerous windows as at the Pera hospitals.

Passing in at the main guard gateway, and through a long hall lined with beds and convalescent patients, we came to a large square room in one of the towers, where the Sisters of Mercy and other nurses had their quarters. A mammoth table occupied the centre of the apartment, and a number of the fair ones were actively engaged in the preparation of comforting edibles for the thousand sufferers demanding their womanly sympathy. The floor was well stowed with a variety of useful goods, clothing, etc. A much better variety, though small, and mournfully insufficient, than I had seen in the English camp. From one corner of this busy room we entered the parlor, office, and reception-room of the establishment, where we met Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge, a well-known and highly respectable couple, somewhat advanced in years, but yet active and persevering in every good word and deed. They accompanied their friend Miss Nightingale to Scutari in November last, and have rendered her most valuable assistance in her praiseworthy labors, making their

home within the walls of the hospital. Mr. B. was engaged in preparing answers to the many inquiries on the part of the relatives and friends of the sick and wounded. It was steamer day, and he had a large pile of letters ready for the mails, and was quite as anxious to complete others and get all off by the first opportunity, as though they had been intended for members of his own family.

Dr. Dwight became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge, on the occasion of one of their visits to Constantinople, a number of years since (they have spent much time in the East), and many were the happy recollections of other days excited by their pleasant meeting.

I doubt whether more sorrowful communications have ever passed between correspondents than the greater portion of those received and despatched by Mr. Bracebridge. To the tender inquiry of the anxious mother, sister, wife (tremulously traced on sheets yet damp with affection's tears), for the safety of the son, brother, husband, consigned by the "rough frown of war" to the hospital couch, alas, how often was the reply calculated to afford increased grief rather than consolation. Suffering and death composed the beginning and the end of hundreds of the letters, that went forth week after week, from within the walls of

the great barrack hospital. Deep indeed must have been the anguish when to town and village, palace and cottage, titled and lowly throughout Britain, the postman carried ever and anon the sad tidings of death, and, worse than all, dark, grievous frightful Scutari death.

In the outer room we caught a momentary glimpse at the justly celebrated Miss Nightingale, the fair heroine of Scutari: an amiable and highly intelligent looking lady, of some thirty summers, delicate in form and prepossessing in her appearance.

Her energies were concentrated, for the instant, in the careful preparation of a dish of delectable food for an enfeebled patient,—one of her hourly ministrations to the wan victims of relentless war, for whose relief she so readily and nobly sacrificed the comforts of her quiet happy English home.

Miss Florence Nightingale is the youngest daughter and presumptive co-heiress of her father William Shore Nightingale, Esq., of Lea Hurst,* Derbyshire,

* But in the whole of the lovely view, never seemed a spot more fair or attractive than the old and many-gabled rural seat of Lea Hurst, henceforth classic for ever—the English home of Florence Nightingale, whose name, like Grace Darling's, now quickens the beat of millions of hearts. Some people are born with a genius for nursing and solacing, as much as others are with a genius for music, or dancing, or poetry;



NOE NIGHTINGALE

[illegible] Deep indeed must have [illegible] when to town and village, palace [illegible] cottage, titled and lowly throughout Britain, the pigeon carried ever and anon the sad tidings of death, and, worse than all, dark, grievous frightful Scutari death.

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FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

From an ivthe otype sketch by Cavaghi of London.

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(England). She speaks the French, German, and Italian languages as fluently as her native tongue, and has enjoyed all the benefits of a complete education, as well as those of extensive travel, having ascended the Nile to its most remote cataract, and been very generally throughout the continental countries. Wealthy and surrounded by the attractions of a most agreeable society it was indeed a great sacrifice to remove to the pestilential halls of a crowded and con-

and Miss Nightingale may be regarded as the archetype of her order. Her spirit first showed itself in an interest for the sick poor in the hamlets around Lea Hurst, but at length found a sphere requiring more attention and energy in continental hospitals, and afterwards in London, where she took the office of matron to a retreat for decayed gentlewomen. And now she is gone to tend and to heal the wounds of the sufferers by the siege of Sevastopol. What a contrast to the quiet pastoral retirement of this vale of Holloway, with its fireside memories and its rural delights! They who love not war must still sorrow deeply over the fate of its victims; and to such, even now, amid all the din of arms, the beautiful and beneficent name of Florence Nightingale cometh sweetly as "flute-notes in a storm." And in after ages, when humanity mourns—as mourn it will—over the blotches and scars which battle and fire shall have left on the face of this else fair world, like a stream of sunlight through the cloud with which the present strife will shade the historic page of civilization, will shine down upon it brighter and brighter, the memory of the heroic maiden of Lea Hurst, till all nations shall have learnt to "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before God," and covetousness, war, and tyranny shall be no more.—*Dr. Spencer T. Hall.*

fused hospital in a foreign land. History will proudly perpetuate the name and memory of one so faithful to the demands of suffering humanity, while the evergreen wreath of affection will insure glad thanksgivings for her glorious mission, even in the hearts of the latest generation.

Her self-denial, her prompt disregard of the thousand inconsistencies and absurdities of official assumption, her skilful forethought, and masterly planning, her readiness to take the responsibility of doing any thing and every thing necessary to promote the comfort of her unfortunate fellow-beings, at all hazards of offending the hardened hearts of those around her; her general activity and untiring perseverance, prove her to be amply possessed of that invaluable energy and discretion, necessary to confront the demands of every emergency.

Until her providential interposition, the hospitals had been without the commonest preparations, for the reception and care of the thousands of sick and wounded, pouring in from the suffering camp.

The authorities evinced a blindness to duty utterly incomprehensible, and even more astounding than that exhibited in the conduct of affairs in the Crimea.

A recital of a tithe of the disgusting evidences

of cruel neglect noticeable in every section of the premises, would shock the sensibilities of the reader to a degree surpassing that of any imaginary horrors ever pictured to his mind.

The Hon. and Rev. Sydney Godolphin Osborne, in his thrilling account of "Scutari and its Hospitals," recently presented to the British public, gives many startling instances of the uniform and dastardly mismanagement of affairs. I had the pleasure of meeting this philanthropic gentleman and his son very frequently, while boarding at Misserie's hotel in Pera, and from them I gathered many particulars concerning the hospitals which they were in the habit of visiting daily. Mr. Osborne has long been favorably known as a faithful and eminent clergyman located quite near to London. His voluntary labors at Scutari proved of signal advantage in removing many of the gross abuses existing there in the early part of the winter. Undeceived by the infamous misrepresentations of the imbecile authorities, who coolly told him that "they had every thing—nothing was wanting," he applied his powerful attention directly to the palpable wants of his suffering countrymen, and many a blessing fell upon his head from the lips of those kindly relieved by his manly sympathy.

Concerning the destitution of proper care in trans-

porting the sick and wounded from Balaklava to the hospitals, to which I have before referred, he writes: "It is now a matter beyond all contradiction, that the way in which the sick and wounded were brought from Balaklava to Scutari, was in every detail utterly indefensible. They were put on board in a condition demanding the utmost care; many had fresh severe wounds, some had undergone recent amputation, many were weak to the last degree, the generality of their clothing was wholly insufficient; and yet they were crowded together between and sometimes on the decks, with not even an apology for a bed; some, indeed I fear many of them, were without even a blanket to lie on.

"As to any nursing, as the rule, all they could expect was, that which some eight or ten invalid soldiers could afford; on these men the sea and the smell from the crowded decks produced such an effect, that they were themselves soon added to the list of sick. The medical assistance was altogether inadequate; in some cases it can scarce be said to have existed at all. The medicines and medical comforts were either altogether wanting, or only put on board in such quantities as to be mere mockery. The only food some two hundred or more wretched, suffering, and sick men had afforded to them, was the usual salt rations of ship diet, and this many of them could not

eat. In some of the ships the water was so stored that the weakest men could not get at it, and had no one to get it for them.

"From some government returns I have in my possession, it is made to appear as if the average voyage from Balaklava to Scutari was four days and a half. This is to me a tampering with the truth; it may have been the average passage between the two places, but vessels have been fourteen days with sick on board before they left the Crimea, and a week after anchoring in the Bosphorus before the sick were landed. As to any of the conveniences necessary for men who could not stir from where they were placed, they never seemed to have been thought of."

While at Balaklava, I heard it repeatedly urged that several of the commodious transport steamers should be fitted with beds, couches, etc., especially for the conveyance of invalids, yet up to the time of my departure, I never saw an attempt to provide such necessary accommodations in a single instance. It may be presumed that to subject men, so weakened by disease as to be unable to hold their heads erect, to the addition of sea sickness, which is rarely escaped upon the uncertain Euxine, was a sufficient test of their endurance, without depriving them of such comforts as the work of twenty-four hours might at any time have

supplied. Worse than the crowding of our emigrant ships, was the manner in which many hundreds of the emaciated members of Her Majesty's service, were carried from the camp to the hospitals. Sailing vessels were actually assigned to the service in numerous instances. I asked a captain whom I met at Constantinople soon after my return, what passage he made, knowing that his craft had no reputation for speed, and that she was freighted with sick: "Oh, a week or more, sir," was the answer; "we had strong head winds." How many deaths had you? said I. "Only forty, sir." Surely comment is unnecessary.

The manner in which the sick were brought into Balaklava from the respective divisions, was shockingly rude, yet, perhaps, with the desperate roads, and a destitution of a proper supply of ambulance wagons, it could not have been bettered. I remember that on one morning Lord Raglan sent orders from head-quarters, that one thousand sick might be expected to embark for Scutari during the day. I do not know that so large a number did actually appear, but all day long, files of stumbling horses were to be seen wending their way toward the village, with their ghostly riders enveloped in huge white blankets, and often with a comrade in attendance, to prevent them from falling

from their precarious position. The sight was one of the most frightful that ever came to my eyes.

The Scutari landing was about a quarter of a mile from the Barrack Hospital, to which the sick were borne upon stretchers, hour after hour, day after day; though, as Mr. Osborne remarks, "one wounded man borne on a stretcher, in the street of a town, attracts universal attention, and excites a painful sympathy from any beholder; at Scutari, the dying were so often encountered, carried in boats, lying on the pier, or borne in long processions on stretchers, that they ceased to attract any but a moment's notice, and did not even for a moment excite any particular emotion."

On a broad street running from opposite the main entrance to the hospital, I was surprised to notice several English shops, apparently chiefly devoted to the sale of intoxicating liquors, and having as their best patrons a number of the soldiers' wives, who had originally accompanied the army to the east.

The Barrack Hospital was deficient in many important appointments. That quiet air of wholesome regularity attained by the French, was obviously wanting.

We noticed victims of the bayonet, sword, and shell, as well as of virulent disease. Cases of dysen-

tery, diarrhœa, and Varna fever, were lamentably numerous. I shall never forget the haggard look depicted on the faces of those whose dull eyes met mine at every step. It seemed as though I trod in the presence of a great charnel-house, where the decayed flesh and dry bones had, for the instant, assumed partial life.

Every variety of mutilation to which the human frame could be subject was to be found, and to many life appeared to have no attraction; death was looked to as a joyous release.

Those of the men who were possessed of sufficient strength, were absorbed in the reading of the newspapers, regularly received from home; of this Mr. Osborne speaks with his usual graphic interest: "Many of the soldiers read aloud remarkably well; I have seen a black-whiskered, fine-looking man, propped up in bed, chosen as a reader; having lost an arm, they had folded the paper for him, so that he could, holding it in one hand, get at the "battle bit;" cripples of all kinds crept up, and sat on and about the adjoining beds; as far as his voice could be heard (it was a loud Irish one), you might see men turned in their beds, trying to drink in every word; on he went, right through the whole; beginning in rather a monotone style, he soon warmed up, and as the men said,

"gave it out well." Then there would be a hail from a distant bed—"I say, let us have it up here now," and some crippled patient would come scrambling down to beg the paper; a new reader would be found, and nearly the same scene again and again repeated. I heard a shrewd observation from one veteran, who, having read the battle in a "daily," then looked at a picture of it in a "weekly." "The writing, sir, is more like a picture, than the picture is like the battle. Why, sir, these painters seem to think all our horses are fit for brewers, and that gunpowder makes no smoke."

Here I may remark that the fashion of representing a battle or siege with little, if any smoke, as adopted by most of our print makers, is extremely absurd. The whole air is generally filled with dense smoke. It could not be otherwise, with the combined discharge of whole regiments of musketry, to say nothing of the cannonading which generally accompanies it.

For many weeks the Barrack Hospital was even destitute of beds, the patients being confusedly huddled together on the filthy floor. We found the General Hospital, a large building at a little distance off, also filled with invalids.

In front of this hospital, and facing the sea, were the graves of both officers and men, hundreds of whom

died every week. Small wooden tablets were at the head of each grave. The surging sea sung a constant requiem over the withering forms of the departed. The opening of hospitals at Abydoss and Smyrna became necessary from the lack of accommodations at Scutari, though Sinope would perhaps have been a better place, at least more easy of access from the Crimea. The distance to Smyrna was so great, that patients in a low state could not endure the voyage.

The Russian sick were mainly kept at Kulalee, and the English naval hospital, a small, but well conducted establishment, was at Therapia, both retired villages on the Bosphorus.

It was reported that nearly ten thousand sick occupied the English hospitals at the close of the winter.

I should not forget to allude to the opportune arrival, and creditable exertions of Mr. Macdonald, the gentleman appointed to superintend the distribution of the fund collected by the editors of the *London Times*. He was enabled to afford Miss Nightingale and the hospital sufferers many articles of comfort, and, with Mr. Osborne, completely put the groping authorities to the blush, by his prompt and humane action.

The hospitals were for a long time quite destitute

of chaplains, but subsequently a number arrived from England. We called upon Dr. Blackwood, who had very recently reached the field of his appointment. Dr. B. had long enjoyed a high reputation at home as an earnest evangelical pastor, and his whole heart was given to the work at Scutari. We found that he had been up during all of the previous night in attendance upon a young surgeon, whose death came with the morning. No less than twenty-two members of the medical corps were sick at the same time.

Dr. B. told us a painful story of the utter confusion still reigning in many of the departments of the army, which to him, as a new-comer, seemed doubly provoking.

Lady Blackwood was giving much attention to an effort to improve the condition of the suffering and degraded wives of the soldiers, some scores of whom she had found occupying cellars and hovels of the vilest description, associating with the servants of the officers, and leading the most immoral existence.

I am unable to give an official statement of the number of deaths in the English camp and hospitals; but on the first of February, after the most severe weather and suffering had passed, only some ten or fifteen thousand, out of some fifty-four thousand men

who left England in health and strength, remained fit for active duty.

"Among the causes of death," says the *London Morning Advertiser*, "we notice scurvy, debility, and rupture, which tell of the salted pork, extreme exposure, and excessive hard work. How many have perished by sword, bullet, and shell, we shall probably never know with accuracy. There are to be accounted for above 44,000. Of these it is not likely that 10,000 fell in the three engagements; but, admit that 10,000 have perished in battle, in the trenches, and of wounds, there are 34,000 whose fate has been sealed in a more terrible manner in the tents, ships, and hospitals. According to the proportions furnished by the list of deaths, these poor men have probably perished in the manner below :—

	Deaths.
Dysentery	9,860
Diarrhœa	9,180
Fever	4,760
Cold, rheumatism, cough, fatigue, exposure, half-rations, with hard work, &c.,	10,200

As all these causes of death were preventable by the exercise of the most ordinary prudence and humanity, a fearful responsibility rests somewhere."

The 63d Regiment, or rather the remains of it, marched on the 21st of January to Balaklava, there

to embark either for Scutari or Malta. It left the fourth Division thirty strong, every officer, regimental staff, and all hands included (scarcely a sufficient escort for the colors), after landing in the Crimea about 970 strong, and having since received a draft of thirty men. There was one sergeant only to represent the Grenadier Company remaining out of 120. I was told that four hundred members of this regiment were in the hospitals at one time.

Just think of this "fact," writes the faithful correspondent of the *London Times*. "Since the first of December, 1854, down to the 20th of January, 1855, eight thousand sick and wounded men have been sent down from camp to Balaklava, and thence on shipboard! And now for another "fact." The battle of Inkerman was fought on the 5th of November, as the world will remember for ever. About forty per cent. of the brigade of Guards were killed or wounded upon that occasion. They have since received reinforcements, and the brigade, which mustered about 2,500 men when it left England, has received some 1,500 men in various drafts up to the end of the year. What is the present strength of the brigade of household troops, of that magnificent band who crowned the struggle of the Alma with victory, and beat back the Russian hordes at Inkerman? I think they could,

including servants, and all available soldiers, muster about 950 men in the whole brigade. Here is another fact. Since the battle of Inkerman, at least 1,000 men—of the brigade of Guards, have been "expended," absorbed, used up, and are no more seen. The official returns will show how many of that thousand were killed or wounded by the enemy. Another fact. There are two regiments so shattered and disorganized —so completely destroyed, to tell the truth, that they must be sent away to be "re-formed." The representatives of one regimental numeral have gone down to Balaklava already. The representatives of the other will speedily follow it, and both will repair to Malta, or some such place, till they can be made into "regiments" once more. Now, mark, one of these regiments was neither at Alma nor at Inkerman—the other was engaged in the latter battle only, and did not lose many men."

CHAPTER XX.

CONTINUED EXCITEMENT IN CONSTANTINOPLE.—HOSPITAL HULKS.—THE NAVY YARD.—TURKISH VESSELS.—RUSSIAN PRISONERS.—INFLUX OF ENGLISH AND FRENCH.—STREET SCENES.—PROCEEDINGS OF THE ALLIED SAILORS.—RUM DOING ITS WORK.—THE TURKISH GUARDS.—THE ALLIANCE.—AGGRESSIVE SPIRIT.—LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE.—THE LADIES AT WORK.—THE TRADESMEN.—SONS OF ST. CRISPIN.—HOTELS.—THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.—THE CUSTOM HOUSE.—HON. CARROLL SPENCE.—J. PORTER BROWN, ESQ.—AMERICANS IN THE TURKISH ARMY.—THE MISSIONARIES.

THE excitement of war continued to reign in Constantinople. Every day brought its fresh arrival of reinforcements from England and France, and every day augmented the sickened throngs at the hospitals. The spacious harbor was literally covered with war craft, the tall masts of the trim French frigate towering beside those of the sturdy English steamer, and the salute of welcome ever and anon announced the arrival of distinguished naval authorities, on their way to a participation in the duties assigned the Allied fleets at their jealously-guarded station off Sevastopol.

Several time-worn hulks, moored in the Golden

Horn, were used as extra hospitals. Their condition was fit only to compare with that of the establishments at Scutari.

Above the second great bridge from Stamboul to the Pera side of the city, a number of disabled vessels might always be seen undergoing repair at the Navy Yard. The usually quiet waters of the broad gay Golden Horn formed an excellent harbor for the largest class vessels. The Turkish men-of-war appeared of huge dimensions, even beside the most gigantic specimens of English and French ships of the line. A rampant lion, fat and ferocious, with a gilded skin, is the favorite and formidable figure-head on nearly all of the Sultan's vessels; of which those lying at the Navy Yard looked stout and serviceable, though many of them have attained a good old age, dating from the time, a quarter of a century since, when our skilful and honored countryman, Henry Eckford, Esq., kindly encouraged naval architecture in the Oriental world.

Adjoining the Navy Yard are the Admiralty buildings, wooden and worn, and in the same vicinity, known as Kassim Pasha, a long row of barracks were used for the safe keeping of a portion of the Russian prisoners. I passed by these buildings frequently, and always saw the round faces of the captured, peering

through the upper windows, and heard them singing in quite a merry strain.

The influx of English and French was so great, that every street wore a military air. Especially in Pera, the district long assigned to foreign residents and visitors, was the presence of the Allies observable. The restaurants and drinking-saloons were well patronized. The chief of these establishments, kept by one Driesman, a good-natured German, was the scene of incessant eating, drinking, and smoking. Stiff-laced, of course newly arrived English officers, Frenchmen, wholly given to the arts of war, and modestly-uniformed members of the Ottoman army, mingled in the excited thoroughfares, and pipes and tobacco were most liberally indulged by all. The fumes of the wretched weed filled the whole atmosphere, and men who, at home, would have scouted the idea, smoked morning, noon, and night, with Turkish regularity.

The warmth of the alliance between the English and French sailors was repeatedly demonstrated, often in a manner more boisterous than necessary. The streets of Galata, the section of the city adjoining the harbor on the Pera side, and where the sailors' boarding-houses and the shipping interests are located, were in a state of constant turmoil, from the presence of

the marine Allies. Their proceedings were often ludicrous in the extreme.

Stepping from the Stamboul bridge into Galata, one afternoon, I saw a company of staggering fellows in front of the Turkish guard-house. Ever and anon they would plunge headlong into the old building, to the great consternation of the inefficient sentries. On advancing nearer, I found that, as usual, the party was a compound of the Saxon and the Gallic—the army and the navy—a friendly alliance in rum. A sturdy British tar rushed into the middle of the street, and proclaimed to the astonished crowd, "that he could speak English, and it made no difference to him whether they could or not." No objection being offered to this important declaration, Jack proceeded to say, "That when it came to the point, he was generally there, and then it was your death or your life." After various repetitions of this sentiment, and a series of assaults on the sentries, who offered no resistance to his insolence, he signified to one of the French soldiers, whom I may call Joe, "that they might as well move on."

Joe.—Bono, Anglaise ; bono.

Jack.—Come on, old boy.

After proceeding a few steps, Jack jerked off his

blue cap, and proposed that they should exchange tops. No sooner said than done.

Joe.—Now I'm Anglaise—you Francaise.

Jack.—It's all the same to me.

On they staggered, Joe in a broad navy cap, and Jack mounting the little red *chapeau* of the French army. They soon encountered an old Turk standing by his donkey in the middle of the street. Joe instantly grabbed him by the throat, and administered as good a shaking as a drunken man could give a sober one.

Joe.—That's the way to do it, Anglaise.

Jack.—Oh, yes; yer see, yer speak the bloody language. I don't know a word of it.

Soon the brace of reeling heroes came to a large party of tipsy Allies. Of course the congratulations were powerful. One Frenchman ranged the street with a drawn sword, to the great terror of the Turks. A general row ensued—the Turks keeping clear—Jack's friends knocked down Joe's, and *vice versa*, but all was finally made up. A Turkish official, probably attracted by the noise, was thus addressed by one of the English sailors, who straightened himself up wonderfully for a man so well loaded with bad rum:—

Englishman.—What do you want here?

Turk.—Bono Anglaise, bono.

Englishman.—Didn't you ever see an Englishman before? for if you didn't, I'm one; yes, I am.

Turk.—Bono Anglaise, bono.

Englishman.—Well, I know I'm bono; but what do you want here?

Turk.—Bono, Anglaise; bono, bono, bono (patting the sailor on the shoulder).

Englishman.—I know I'm bono; but what do you want?

Turk.—There's been a row! bono! bono!

Englishman.—Well; what of it? Didn't you ever see a row before?

Turk.—Bono, Anglaise; bono, bono!

During this conversation, the other Allies were going it strong. Joe told Jack that the French and English were the same, the Turks fit to be spit at, the Russians to be beheaded—as he signified by unsheathing and waving his sword at a fearful rate, to the consternation of the peaceable bystanders, who scampered away in every direction.

I have introduced this actual street-scene to illustrate the perfectly lawless manner with which the enlightened Allies often treated the unenlightened Turks. But perhaps it was rum that instigated the insolence, more than any real dislike, and pity it is that much

of the rum came from our own order-loving New England.

The Turkish guards stationed at the corners of the streets, saluted the English and French officers whenever they passed, and allowed the riotous proceedings of the drunken sailors to go unrebuked. The organization of a French police was favored, when the treacherous Greeks infesting the city had deliberately murdered several sailors and soldiers, and otherwise disturbed the peace. It would be hard to find a more worthless set of vagabonds than many of the Greeks inhabiting Galata. With their avowed sympathy for Russia, and intense enmity to the Turks, I wondered that they were not expelled from the city.

The friendship between the English and French so far as the men were concerned, appeared strong and sincere, and the officers seemed to like one another remarkably well; too well perhaps to argue favorably for a permanent alliance. I observed this more particularly in the camp, where the movements of either army were sure to meet the unqualified eulogium of the other; the English, however, contriving to be the more lavish in their commendation. Every vestige of the prejudice of long years, even the hatred descending from Waterloo, had been utterly demolished, if

outward conduct could be accepted as a fair indication.

The aggressive spirit of the Allies was manifest in the unceremonious manner in which they appropriated the principal buildings to their own purposes. Scarcely did they leave the Sultan sufficient accommodation for the sick and wounded of his own army, or even for those in health.

The extensive barracks of Daoud Pasha, the hospital of Mal Tepeh, the medical college, denominated Cumbarra Haveh, a portion of the old Seraglio; and many other prominent buildings both in and around the city, were converted into hospitals, or quarters for the promised *armée de reserve*. The elegant palace of the Russian embassy, and the Russian post-office were also taken; and I was half inclined to believe that the attractive and commodious palace of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the English Ambassador, might at any moment put on the peculiarities of a hospital, or receptacle for military stores.

Lord Stratford's interest in the war was such as to keep him constantly engaged. It was commonly rumored that he had been the actual Sultan of Turkey for many years. His excellent lady, beloved by all who know her, was deeply interested in the welfare of the Scutari sufferers; and to her belongs the credit

of originating many important and timely movements for their relief.

During the entire winter the English and French ladies of Pera were busily occupied in the preparation of clothing, etc., for the hospitals, or little knick-knacks for the camp; and it affords me infinite pleasure to add, that the American ladies resident in and about Pera, were prompt in offering their assistance.

About Christmas time, a number of nice plum puddings, pies, etc. etc., were forwarded to the Crimea for the benefit of certain English regiments. Report says that these dainties, in the regular routine of remarkable mismanagement, fell into the hands of the French, who unwittingly but very naturally tested their good qualities to a serious extent.

The tradesmen of Constantinople prospered greatly by the continuance of the siege. The American store kept by Mr. Minasian, an Armenian, and for some time a resident of Boston, was well patronized. Mr. M. received a contract from the English government for the manufacture of a large number of sheet iron stoves, and he sold many imported from the United States.

American hatchets had attained a high reputation; they were much prized in the camp. Overshoes from celebrated New Jersey and Connecticut manufactories,

were disposed of in great numbers, at a score of shops, and at prices more than twice as high as those asked in New York. I used up two stout pairs which were kindly provided me, by a wholesale dealer, at $2 50 each. A nest of bootmakers' shops lined one side of the steep street leading from Pera to Galata, and at all hours great numbers of uniformed men might be seen earnestly bargaining with the grim-visaged sons of St. Crispin. For their knee-high Russia leather boots, they usually managed to extort from seven and a half to twelve dollars from the unfortunate buyer. Great loose clumsy things they were, and odd enough was the contour of the gallant sons of Mars, as they went shuffling along in them, with their trousers tucked inside in plough-boy fashion; but nobody cared a fig for looks; to keep above the omnipresent mud was the chief aim. India rubber boots were preferred, but the supply was always inadequate to the demand.

It was customary to have the merits of the so-called Russia leather largely dwelt upon, but I was somewhat taken aback one day, when on casually asking the figure for an uncouth pair of coarse-grained boots, which I chanced to see dangling in one of the shop windows, they were earnestly recommended to me as being made from leather just imported from America! French and English shops were increasing

rapidly throughout Pera, and new hotels and boarding houses were opened every week, and yet the accommodations were insufficient. At Misserie's, the principal house, it was always difficult to secure a single room. The Duke of Cambridge and suite quartered there for several weeks, and nine tenths of the boarders during the whole winter were English army and navy officers. I was gratified to meet Lieutenant Montagu O'Reilly, whose truthful sketches of Crimean scenery, and numerous interesting events connected with the war, have appeared in the *London Illustrated News* at different times for many months past. He bears a high reputation as an energetic and accomplished officer, and has certainly evinced unusual ability as a draughtsman.

The details of the unmitigated misery in the camp, had so aroused the good people of England, that, by the first of March, many vessels had passed on to the Crimea, with large cargoes of every conceivable variety of substantial food and clothing.

The Custom House at Constantinople, a barn-like wooden structure, rich in cobwebs, spiders' nests, and rat holes, spacious and dingy, was piled with all sorts of packages, parcels etc., a great portion of which were for members of the allied armies. I spent several hours there one day, with a friend who

anxiously sought the whereabouts of a box of India rubber goods forwarded from Goodyear's several months previous. The visit served to do away with much of the hatred that I had always entertained toward the intricate mode of conducting custom house business in vogue in the United States.

The floor of the governmental edifice was nowhere visible. Avalanches of assorted goods occupied every point, but with the most sublime irregularity. Large and pondrous boxes crushed small and weaker ones, heavy and cumbrous bales damaged fragile parcels, barrels chafed against sacks, chests misused trunks, and every thing seemed bent on doing as great injury as possible to every thing else. Crowds of ragged, boisterous Turks were striving to exhume identified packages from the confused mass, while excited and aggravated English, French, Greek and Italian merchants and clerks railed furiously at the disgraceful state of affairs. Our prolonged search proved provokingly tedious and utterly fruitless; not a shadow of the long missing and much needed box could we descry, though we carefully ransacked every section of the two large store rooms. Buried in the conglomerated pile, it may come to light when the floors are swept.

We turned our attention to the "passing through" of a box which a previous patient search had revealed.

It bore the marks of the most severe abuse, the result of months of contact with more sturdy packages. Nails and a hammer soon remedied the main defects, and rendered it fit for removal. Permission to start it from the first room had to be obtained from an official of rank, who, like most officials of rank, the world over, was not to be found when wanted. After a deal of tedious waiting he came in, took up his pipe, and with an air of truly oriental condescension granted us the necessary pass. A stalwart *hamel* (porter), attached to the establishment, was induced by promise of liberal *backsheesh* to hoist the box into the outer room; carry it or roll it he could not, for the stacks of goods in the way. So he took it over the top of every thing, damaging it seriously in the rude performance.

I was informed that the Turks charged five per cent. duty on every thing!—a convenient, but far from just arrangement; yet illustrative of their *profound* political sagacity. Some twenty "officers of the customs" sat around the office on their knees, with long pipes in hand. It was a tedious while before we could attract the attention of any one of them; but finally a deputy was directed to proceed to examine the contents of the box. Every article was hauled out, and minutely inspected. A report having been presented, after another vexatious delay we were allowed to pay

the duty, having first to go out and get our French gold (Napoleons, which I thought current the world over) exchanged for paper piastres.

The air of extreme indifference and ease assumed by all of the officials, was as amusing as provoking. Not one that I noticed completed a sentence of any length without pausing to take one or more deliberate puffs, while a servant was constantly employed in refilling the long amber-mouthed pipes. Having *backsheeshed* the deputy, we were permitted to call a couple of *hamels* and remove the box to its destination. About two dollars had been given as *backsheesh* before it was fairly cleared !—not a fraction of which was justly due.

The American interests are well guarded by the Hon. Carroll Spence, of Baltimore, our minister to the Sublime Porte. His prompt sympathy with every movement calculated to benefit those around him, and further the advance of religion and philanthropy, was happily demonstrated in his activity as the President of the Constantinople Bible Society.

J. Porter Brown, Esq., long intimately connected with our legation in Turkey, vies with Mr. Spence in presenting the kindest welcome and attention, to those Americans who may be so fortunate as to visit the interesting metropolis of the East.

It will be remembered that several Americans have been connected with the Turkish army at different times. Major Bonafanti, formerly of this city, gave me many interesting details of Ottoman military life. He was on active duty at Kars during last year.

I had also the pleasure of meeting Major Burr Porter, of Newark, N. J., who was in Constantinople for a few days, on a business visit from his camp in the interior.

Both of these gentleman have attained a good standing in the Sultan's service.

From Messrs. Goodell, Dwight, Schauffler, Hamlin, Riggs, Everett, D. Van Lennep, and Benjamin (the latter now resting in the better land), of the American Mission, I received at various times much valuable information concerning the progress of Christianity in the capital, and throughout the Turkish empire. Since the commencement of the war, greater political and religious liberty has been granted by the Sultan, than ever before.

That the judicious perseverance of our devoted missionaries, in the promulgation of the principles of evangelical truth, has already wrought the most salutary results in the eastern world, no one will presume to deny.

The only hope for the future existence of the Turks

as a distinct power among the nations of the earth, depends upon their being Christianized. The Bible will do more to preserve their honor, and increase their prosperity and strength, than the support of the most efficient military allies.

THE END.

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[first and only General officer receiving such an honor (the highest) from S. N. Y., and the only officer thus brevetted (Major General) in the United States.]
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(In the State Military Roster, "*Legislative Manual*" and "*Civil List.*" as fifth Major-General, by Brevet, of the five Major-Generals, S. N. Y.)

LAWS OF NEW YORK, Vol. 2.—89th Session, 1866, Page 2142.

Concurrent Resolution requesting the Governor to Confer upon Brigadier-General J. WATTS DE PUYSTER [de Peyster] the brevet rank of Major [General] in the National Guard of New York.*

Resolved (if the Senate concur), That, it being a grateful duty to acknowledge in a suitable manner the services of a distinguished citizen of this State, rendered to the National Guard and to the United States prior to and during the Rebellion, the Governor be and he is hereby authorized and requested to confer upon Brigadier General J. WATTS DE PUYSTER [de Peyster] the *brevet rank of Major-General* in the National Guard of New York, for meritorious services, which mark of honor shall be stated in the Commission conferred.

STATE OF NEW YORK, *in Assembly,* April 9th, 1866.
The foregoing Resolution was duly passed. *By order of the Assembly,*
J. B. CUSHMAN, Clerk.

STATE OF NEW YORK, *in Senate,* April 20th, 1866
The foregoing Resolution was duly passed. *By order of the Senate,*
* *So in original.* JAS. TERWILLIGER, Clerk.

MILITARY AGENT, S. N. Y. (in Europe), 1851-'53.
HONORARY MEMBER, SECOND CLASS, of the MILITARY ORDER of the LOYAL LEGION of the U. S.
FIRST HONORARY MEMBER Third (Army of the Potomac) Corps Union.
HONORARY MEMBER of the THIRD CORPS RE-UNION ASSOCIATION, and MEMBER of COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS *for the Grand Meeting of the Corps upon the Battlefield of Gettysburg.*
HONORARY MEMBER of the CLARENDON HISTORICAL SOCIETY of Edinburgh, Scotland, and of the NEW BRUNSWICK (Canada) HISTORICAL SOCIETY (of St. John).
ASSOCIATE MEMBER of the MILITARY SERVICE INSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.
MEMBER—10th June, 1872, DIRECTOR—of the GETTYSBURG BATTLEFIELD MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION, and VICE-PRESIDENT of the SARATOGA [Battlefield] MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.
MEMBER of the NETHERLANDISH LITERARY ASSOCIATION
[Maatschappij der Nederlandsche Letterkunde], at Leyden, Holland.
RECIPIENT, 1856, of *Three Silver Medals* from H. R. M. OSCAR, King of Sweden and Norway, &c., for a Military Biography of LEONARD TORSTENSON, Field Marshal, Generalissimo; of a *Gold Medal* in 1862, from WASHINGTON HUNT [Governor N. Y.], for "Efforts to Improve the Military System of New York," &c., &c., and Suggestions for a Paid Fire Department with Steam Fire Engines, &c., &c.;
of a *Gold Medal,* only similar distinction ever ordered and directed, and conferred by the supreme military authority of the State of New York, by a Special Order, dated September 8th, 1851, of WASHINGTON HUNT, Governor and Commander in Chief of the Military Forces (S. N. Y.), authorized to be worn in attest of "*Zeal, Devotion and Meritorious Service*:"
of a *Gold Medal,* in 1852, from the FIELD and STAFF OFFICERS of his Command, 9th Brig., 3d Div., N. Y. S. Troops, "In testimony of their Esteem and Appreciation of his Efforts towards the Establishment of an efficient Militia," &c.;
in 1870, of a Magnificent *Badge, Medal* and *Clasps,* voted at the Annual Meeting of the Third Corps (Army of the Potomac) Union, held at Boston, Mass., Thursday, May 5th, 1870, when
A Resolution was adopted to present a *Gold Medal,* of the value of $500, to Gen. J. WATTS DE PEYSTER, of New York, as a testimonial of the appreciation by the Corps of his *eminent services* in placing upon record the true history of its achievements, and in defending its commanders and their men from written abuse and misrepresentation;
and of several other Badges, Medals, &c., for services in connection with the military service of New York State.
HONORARY MEMBER
of the NEW JERSEY and of the MINNESOTA and MONTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETIES, and of the PHRENOKOSMIAN SOCIETY of PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE, *Gettysburg;* of the PHILOSOPHIAN SOCIETY, *Missionary Institute, Selin's Grove;* of the DIAGNOTHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY *of Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster;* of the EUTERPEAN SOCIETY, *Muhlenburg College, Allentown, Penn.,* and of the GASMAN LITERARY and PHILOLOGIAN SOCIETIES of [illegible]
HONORARY MEMBER of the LYCE[illegible]